Together

What's Ahead for Farmers?

In color: **In the Smokies**

Country Deaconess—*A pictorial*

Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families *August 1958*

Together

Established in 1826 as CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

"Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? . . Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship."

John Wesley (1703-1791)

AUGUST 15, 1958 *Vol. 2, No. 8*

I See God in the Rocks and Stars	Erno Clark	9
4 Great Enemies of Time	Robert R. Updegroff	10
They Wear the 'Yoke' Behind Walls	William L. Worden	12
A Loan of Honor	André Maurois	15
Pets Beyond Price	Barbara Paige	17
Unusual Methodists		18
The Bells in Our Lives	Donald Culross Peattie	20
Organize Yourself Out of the Blues	Mary B. Turner	23
Country Deaconess	(Pictorial)	25
What's Ahead for Farmers?	Charles B. Shuman	29
Readerviews: Bishop Voigt, Alexander Nunn, Elliott Fisher (Midmonth Powwow)		
'Live or Die, I Must Ride!'	Hartzell Spence	32
In the Smokies Along Asbury Trail	(Color Pictorial)	35
How I Cured My Stuttering	Jim Scott	45
Arctic Adventure	Russell Annabel	47
Treasures of the Beach	A. B. Jordan	60
Nature's Tranquilizers	Harold C. Case	61
Casa Materna: Home for Naples 'Bambinos'	(Pictorial)	63
News of the World Parish		7, 66
They Climbed the Highest Mountain	(Color Pictorial)	75
One Hour	Jane Merchant	77

OTHER FEATURES AND DEPARTMENTS

Letters	3	*Looks at Books*	52
Getting Along Together	14	*Browsing in Fiction*	54
Teens Together	43	*Dr. Nall's Column*	56
Looks at Movies	44	*Small Fry*	58
Spiritual Efficiency	49	*Methodist Almanack*	68
Light Unto My Path	50	*Let's Get Acquainted*	74

In August, as summer tries to wear itself out, a breathless pause seems to hang over our land. But there's nothing dull here as mother and daughter frolic the hot afternoon away. Instead, the camera catches this unforgettable moment of joy and confidence that can come only from a child's faith and love. Photo by Ozzie Sweet.

TOGETHER is an official organ of The Methodist Church, issued monthly by the Methodist Publishing House, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. Opinions expressed do not necessarily reflect concurrence of The Methodist Church. *Editorial Director:* Leland D. Case • *Managing Editor:* Fred R. Zepp • *Art Editor:* Floyd A. Johnson • *Associate Editors:* H. B. Teeter, Bruce L. Williams • *Editorial Assistants:* Else Bjornstad, Judy M. Johnson • *Contributing Editors:* Newman S. Cryer, Jr., T. Otto Nall, Roy L. Smith, Myrtle R. Walgreen • *Business Manager:* Warren P. Clark • *Advertising Manager:* John H. Fisher • *Copyright 1958 by* Lovick Pierce, *Publisher.*

Manuscripts and Correspondence for publication: Write to Editorial Offices, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. Authors should send postage.
Subscription: $3 per year, single copy 35¢. Write to TOGETHER Business Office, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. Telephone MIchigan 2-6431.

Advertising: For rates, write to TOGETHER Advertising Department, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11.

Entered as second-class mailing matter at Post Office in Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879; additional entry at Nashville, Tenn. Accepted for mailing at special rate in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 5, 1918. *Change of Address:* Five weeks' advance notice, old and new addresses, and mailing label from current issue are needed. Mail to TOGETHER Business Office, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago.

That
Amazing Man
Asbury

shop Francis Asbury came to America in 1771. He traveled
000 miles a year, mostly on horseback, for 44 years and visited
very state in the new Union, not once but many times. In this scene,
ainted especially for TOGETHER by Charles Hargens, he has just arrived
a Pennsylvania village while on his way south to Virginia and Tennessee.
sbury preached wherever he could; he was a major organizer of Methodism in
merica; he met hardships and dangers. Yet, near the end of his days, he wrote
his Journal; "What is the toil of beating over rocks, hills, mountains
nd deserts . . . ? Nothing; when we reflect it is done for God, for Christ . . . "
or the amazing story of this remarkable man, turn to page 32.

He'll Make Good!

—"Part of the secret of success in life is to eat what you like and let the food fight it out inside."

—MARK TWAIN

Selected Bits from Your

Letters

sciples' Aid Prayer Meeting

MRS. L. S. CARUTHERS
yhalia, Miss.

ecently I collected Sune Richards' tures of *The Twelve Disciples* and unted them. I am using them in our yer group meetings and other church rk. Your magazine is wonderful, and tainly a big help to us with our reous programs.

he Disciples *appeared in the October, 7, issue—and we're still getting letters ut them! (Framable reprints are ilable from the Methodist Publishing ise at $1.50 a set.) Mrs. Richards done a special new series on* men of the Bible. *Look for it in Deiber.*—Eds.

ace Control Is Up to UN

ILLY LEY, *Scientist*
ackson Heights, N.Y.

egarding those legal questions about ce raised in *Who Should Own the on?* [May, page 12], everything now ng printed can only serve to explore validity of reasoning. At one point re will have to be an international ference for the purpose of making inding convention out of this reason. As I see it, the main problem right v is whether or how the UN comes this.

r. Ley is, as many readers recognize, of the world's foremost authorities rockets and space travel.—Eds.

anted: Service for Moon Man

IRS. H. E. WILDER
eattle, Wash.

have been trying to prepare a wor- service suitable for the man or n to reach the moon, but have not n successful. I wonder if your read- would care to make suggestions. (I 't expect ever to be on the moon, have played with the idea just for fun of it.)

Vhat Scripture? What hymns? Per- s original ones. What statement in a yer?

ntagon Sways Chaplains?

HARLES RIDGE
incinnati, Ohio

o Your Son's Been Called Up! [May, e 43] is thought-provoking. I don't h to condemn the author's point of view, but I heartily disagree with him.

The chaplain says that the years spent in the armed services are toward the future security of the world. This reflects the penetrating power of the Pentagon propaganda machine.

Let's face the brutal facts. It would go rough with a chaplain in the armed forces who came out and said that there is a better way than military might and force to approach the problems of the free world . . . Chaplain McAfee conveys the impression that although it's too bad that we must use military might, it is a necessary evil. I believe, as a Christian, that anything evil is not a necessity.

Teen-agers Agree 95%

MRS. O. CARTER SOMERS
Pennsauken, N.J.

The junior intermediate fellowship of our MYF particularly appreciates *Teens Together.* My husband and I are counselors to this wonderful age group and once each month we moderate a discussion based on that feature. It is encouraging to find that these young people manage to come up with a solution identical to Dr. Barbour's about 95 per cent of the time.

Teddy Roosevelt . . . Many Sided

HERMANN HAGEDORN, *Director*
Theodore Roosevelt Centennial Commission, New York City

Theodore Roosevelt was always interested in American youth and eager to encourage those who showed promise—which he did in effective fashion, as your article, *Boy Meets Teddy* [May, page 17], indicates. We are always grateful for stories that bring to light different facets of his many-sided personality.

How Shep Helped—Children!

MRS. GLENN I. HARRIS
Montana School for Deaf and Blind
Great Falls, Mont.

The Faith of Shep [May, page 25] has meant a great deal to the students of this school.

Shep: By his fidelity, aid to children.

E. L. Shields, a Great Northern conductor, watched Shep's faithful vigil. Knowing how interested train passengers were, he published a booklet to benefit the children.

Charles Barnhard, a railroad employee, sold the booklet on tourist trains as they passed the statue of Shep at Fort Benton. Profits over the years, amounting to several thousand dollars, have bought playground equipment and have done much to make a home away from home for the children.

However, that was only a beginning. Others became interested and the fund has grown, through gifts, bequests of wheat ranches, and memorials, until the income covers a wide range, from toys for the six-year-olds, to trips for the high-school students and scholarships for the college students.

Through the faith of Shep, indeed, much else has been added.

Deplores 'Suicidal' Thinking

MARK A. CHAMBERLIN
Gresham, Ore.

It was with great regret that I noted the *Barnabas* review of *Masters of Deceit* [May, page 52] by J. Edgar Hoover. Your reviewer has done a great disservice to The Methodist Church, to Christianity, and to the nation, failing to understand not only Hoover but the whole present climate of McCarthy hysteria which has been in the nation since the end of World War II.

There may be some lessons for Christians in this book as your reviewer suggests. One of these certainly is that Methodists and all Christians should be more diligent in attempting to understand something of the people and the forces that for the last 10 years or more have brought America and the world to the brink of war through the consistent development of the idea that we cannot get along with Communist Russia and that Communist Russia is all evil, our number-one enemy. It is this kind of thinking and writing that will lead us surely into a suicidal war. . . .

Klamath Indians in Trouble

HAROLD E. FEY, *Editor*
The Christian Century
Chicago, Ill.

Please accept my congratulations on your June issue. I particularly appreciated the articles and pictures having to do with the American Indians, and I thank you especially for the stirring plea of Oliver La Farge that the Christian people of this country try to help the Indians save their land and tribal organizations [*What's Ahead for the American Indian?* June, page 21].

The same mail that brought this appeal in your excellent paper carried a news release from the Bureau of Indian Affairs stating that three fourths of the

"At Chicago Temple, our magnificent carillon is a priceless asset . . ."

DR. CHARLES RAY GOFF, *Pastor*
First Methodist Church of Chicago

From the towering belfry of Chicago Temple, the music of the NEW WORLD CARILLON inspires thousands daily and calls hundreds to worship on Sunday in Chicago's busy Loop.*

The patented tuning of the NEW WORLD CARILLON assures glorious bell music in full, correct harmony. Write for complete information on Deagan's *truly musical* tower instruments for every church need and budget.

*An actual 6-week survey revealed that the carillon was the major attraction for the average of 2,000 Sunday warshipers at the Temple.

NEW WORLD® Carillon

a whole new world of beauty in bell music!

DEAGAN CARILLONS
Established 1880
CHICAGO 13, ILLINOIS

Indians on the Klamath reservation in Oregon have asked that the reservation be broken up and that they be given their proportionate share of the worth of its rich timber and grazing resources. This will mean sudden wealth and early demoralization for the people, for most of them are not prepared to manage family shares which may run from $200,000 to $300,000. It will also probably mean the devastation of a large area in south Oregon, because purchasers of individual plots of forest land will have no way to realize their costs except to slash all the timber.

This is only one episode in a vast process which may easily create an enormous human tragedy. La Farge describes an attitude and policy which have more hope than any other of preventing a great disservice.

Poetic Salute to John Wesley

ROBERT T. MEANS, *Assoc. Pastor*
La Marque, Tex.

Seeing Floyd Johnson's water color of the John Wesley statue at City Road Chapel [July, page 37], I'm reminded of my visit there. It was an inspiration and resulted in the following poem about John Wesley.

A little man
He taught his people the bigness of God
And led them to Calvary.
Denied the pulpit,
He preached to the multitudes on the hills
And in the market place.
They laughed at him and called him "Methodist,"
But his serenity calmed them
And he taught them the ways of God
Until their hearts were strangely warmed.

Flags Are Reminders . . .

MRS. LELAND W. KIKER
Albany, Tex.

I wish to answer Mrs. John R. Alyea's letter [June, page 5] about displaying flags in churches.

What better place to make clear the connection between God and country under which this country operates? Displaying a Christian and an American flag in church brings to us the recognition that *this* nation recognizes God!

Not a Fan-Letter Writer, But—

MRS. ONA JACKSON
Williamsville, N.Y.

I am a busy mother of four and have a good, good husband to look after. I say sincerely I make time to read TOGETHER almost from cover to cover and then pass it to a friend. I have never written a fan letter before, but I sure like your magazine.

Hopes, Prayers From Ireland

ALBERT HOLLAND, *Gen. Secy.*
Methodist Home Missions
Dublin, Ireland

My wife, my family, and myse are finding great interest in your won derful magazine. We are hoping an praying that you will reach not onl the million circulation for which yo are striving, but that in all the home of Methodism your magazine may be interest and influence.

Husband Is Pumpkin Man!

MRS. CLARENCE SCHWALBACH
Houston, Tex.

I am writing about a picture of m husband in *Countryside U.S.A.* [Jun page 35]. He is the man with a pipe his mouth receiving a pumpkin from woman on page 41.

My husband worked there at tl Circleville, Ohio, Fair. We were ce tainly surprised to see his picture in magazine. We moved to Houston fro Wadsworth, Ohio, about 18 month ago.

Lovely Food . . . Fine Family

MRS. T. W. FISHER
Murfreesboro, Tenn.

In *Countryside U.S.A.* you have lovely picture of an American fami eating at a table loaded with wonderf food. I had the pleasure of eating that table myself about 35 years ag

Trieloffs: A picture recalls happy da

The family members in the picture page 42 are the Clarence Trieloffs Ft. Atkinson, Wis. They belonged to n father's church, the Evangelical Luthe an, a few miles from Ft. Atkinson, a he baptized the young mother in yo picture. I held her on my lap when was with my father making a call.

India Welcomes 'Wicked Flea'

MARIAN B. HALL, M.D.
Madar Union Sanatorium
Ajmer, Rajasthan, India

U.S. trash cans are full of articles could use here in India. When I a home, I have an almost irresistible d

ire to retrieve all the lovely bottles hat would prove so useful in the ispensary work of our mobile unit. However, I never saw TOGETHER in a rash can! This magazine is much too ood to throw away and maybe all our readers keep them. But if they on't, may I ask them to wrap them up nd address them to Drs. Sherwood and Iarian B. Hall, Madar Union Sanaorium, Ajmer, Rajasthan, India.

Our patients would love the pictures. 'OGETHER is a much more wholesome ntroduction to the U.S. than some of ne secular magazines which emphasize ttitudes that good Methodists decry. m indebted to *The Wicked Flea*. It lways gets a joyous reaction—and we eed to laugh out here.

t's Methodist—But More!

MRS. J. P. WEATHERFORD
Dilley, Tex.

That TOGETHER is a most outstanding ublication has been wonderfully demnstrated by the reactions of several iends of other denominations. At least iree Southern Baptist friends have een so impressed with it that they are ibscribing. Such comments as: "It's ie most professional church magazine," The illustrations are so beautiful," The stories and articles are great" are ommon.

The thought came to me that this is iore than a midmonth magazine for lethodist families. It's truly a midionth magazine for Christian families -or for all families.

till More Bathroom Poetry

WINNIFRED J. MOTT
Auburn, N.Y.

In reading *Letters* [April, page 3], notice one dealing with bathroom oetry. I have hand-lettered and amed many "mottoes." One of the opular ones was for a bathroom:

'o ye so many towels need to use?
Somehow, I doubt it.
lethinks ye bathtub would look well,
Without a ring about it.
lease not to linger after
Ye ablutions all are through.
or there are others, friend, ye know,
Who need this bathroom, too.

)eath . . . a Door for the Soul

MRS. GRACE PERRILL
Salina, Kan.

May I take exception to the protest gainst Norman Vincent Peale's *Where ire Our Loved Ones After Death?* March, page 9], as expressed in the etter by G. C. Gridley [May, page 3]?

Is death an evil? Who, having cared or a beloved invalid through years of uffering, can fail to recognize death as friend when it comes to set a valiant pirit free from its worn-out "house of

METHODIST CONFERENCE ON FAMILY LIFE
OCTOBER 17-19 1958
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

REGISTRATION NOW OPEN TO ALL

See your pastor or write for information to Edward D. Staples, Box 871, Nashville, Tenn.

DOES YOUR ORGANIZATION NEED MONEY?

Earn it easily and pleasantly. Our delicious genuine Pennsylvania Dutch Butter Mints are made from the purest, highest quality ingredients.

☐ SAMPLE PLAN. Let us send you a full 12-oz. tin. No charge if you order within 30 days. If you do not order, we will bill you $1.00.

☐ Please ship 10-doz. tins—wholesale cost $80.00 (We pay all freight charges). Sell for $1.00 each and earn $40.00. Send NO money with order. Remit in 30 days.

Order today from Ted Tichy

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH CANDIES Mount Holly Springs, Pa.

For Easy Spare Time Earnings
Folks Everywhere Agree
Just Take All You Want
From Our MONEY TREE!

Help Yourself to an Extra
$6..$60...$160

For Christmas, Show New, Unusual
SOUTHERN CARDS & GIFTS

You can have your own "Money Tree" blooming in your back-yard! To prove it, we'll send you samples of our exciting new SOUTHERN Christmas Card money-makers. Just show them to your friends and you'll see how easy it is to "pluck" profit-dollars from your SOUTHERN "Money Tree"! Thousands of folks are doing this . . . and you'll love doing it, too!

You'll make $60 easy on just 100 new SOUTHERN BEAUTY 25-Card Christmas Assortments. Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards, Gifts and other fast-sellers help you make still more extra money. Besides cash profits up to 100%, SOUTHERN also gives you a generous CASH BONUS.

SEND NO MONEY... Get Samples Now!

Speedy 24-hour service will please your customers, and make more money for you! No experience needed. We send our money-making kit of best-selling Assortments on approval, together with display albums of Personalized Christmas Cards and amazing "Get-Started" Offers. Rush the coupon for your Samples TODAY!

FREE PEARLS! Your reward for promptness — exquisitely matched simulated pearls by DuBarry of Fifth Ave., FREE on our special offer. Act NOW!

SOUTHERN GREETING CARD CO.
478 N. Hollywood St., Dept. 71-S Memphis 12, Tenn.

MAIL COUPON NOW FOR SAMPLES!

SOUTHERN Greetings, Dept. 71-S
478 N. Hollywood St., Memphis 12, Tenn.

Yes! I'd like many dollars from your "Money Tree"! Please send Sample Kit on approval, including FREE Albums and special offers.

Name.....
Address.....
City & State.....

build your fund-raising project on a **proven** product!

KEEPSAKE
Decorated Plates
Picturing Your Church

"They sell themselves . . . Such a profitable enterprise."

Keepsake Plates are easy to sell . . . they're so lovely, in such good taste, every member and friend of your church will want one.
Decorated Church Plates are proven fund raisers . . . but only Keepsake Plates offer you so much:

- Exclusive Cerama-Etch process, decorations never come off.
- Only "first quality" plates, never any "seconds."
- 10 lovely styles to choose from.
- Genuine 23-Kt. Gold borders.
- Exclusive imports from the kilns of England.

Write today, at no obligation, for samples, full-color catalog, wholesale prices and full details about how your group can raise money this easy, dignified way.

WORLD WIDE
Art Studios
P.O. Box 958 • Covington, Tenn.

clay"? What other door have you found through which the soul may pass in leaving this world? All must die. The God of love has made ample provision for making that door a triumphal entry into life eternal. As for the bereaved, there is no bitterness when the Comforter is sought and welcomed.

Choir . . . 'Not Entertainers'

LOUISE D. MILLER
St. Joseph, Mo.

As a lifelong Methodist, I enjoyed the June issue especially because of the picture of F. Dudleigh Vernor [*Unusual Methodists*, page 16], whom I knew at Bay View, Mich., and William C. McCulloch's provocative note regarding time-beating directors [*Letters*, page 3].

In my 30 years as choir director, I have directed once in front of the congregation at a Christmas vespers—never in a regular service.

My answer is, well-planned, thorough rehearsals by a devoted volunteer choir and a fine organist. We are a part of the worship service, not entertainers.

Put Director in a Pit?

MRS. L. E. KNEIPP
Shreveport, La.

I agree with William C. McCulloch that it is "annoying and distracting" for worshipers to see a choir director beating time. However, many Methodist choirs are composed of volunteers without musical training. They need to see a director beating time, bringing them in and indicating expression.

May I suggest an idea being used in our First Church? The choir loft has a pit in the front for the organ and the director, who is visible only to choir members.

Should Directors Nibble Nails?

ALFRED MERTEN
Garner, Iowa

Although I am not a choir director, I am a member of a Methodist choir and understand a director's problems.

Would William C. McCulloch like it better if the director sat biting his nails while the singers and organist enjoyed the separate errors of their ways? It is not necessary for the director to wave his arms like a windmill. But a well directed choir should inspire the congregation and glorify God.

He Does It With Mirrors!

ARTHUR S. MANN
Industrial Engineer
Tucson, Ariz.

We at First Methodist Church of Tucson do not feel that all choir directors must beat as W. C. McCulloch believes in his letter. It is our good fortune to have as director John McCo who has worked out a system to perm the singers across the chancel to see t organist-director (the console is raise 18 inches). Installation of mirrors on t far chancel wall provides director-sing visibility on the console side.

It is surprising how little direction well-rehearsed, alert choir needs.

Directing or Communicating?

AUSTIN C. LOVELACE
Minister of Music
First Methodist Church
Evanston, Ill.

William C. McCulloch's letter revea the widespread and erroneous conce held by many laymen of the ch director's work.

The director is not directing "to seen of men," but to be seen of t choir so its members know exac what is expected of them. The direct is not "beating time"—he is giving cu for entrances by various voices at d ferent times, cues for starting and sto ping together, changes in speed a volume, warnings of difficult spots, a in general, is interpreting the sco Anyone can learn to beat time—t is not choir conducting. True conducti is an art of communication.

Perhaps Mr. McCulloch would surprised to learn that in the Temple the Old Testament not only was t director seen, he was also heard. directed the choir by playing cymba

Alas, Poor Ole!

TULLY KNOLES, *Chancellor*
College of the Pacific
Stockton, Calif.

Sorry I have no secretary and m address you with my old arthr fingers. We are all delighted that y

Knoles and Ole: Death parts partn

put Ole (my horse) and me in gallery of *Unusual Methodists* (Feb ary, page 19). Ole passed away at but I (at age 81) am still riding ab three times a week.

Together / NEWSLETTER

N CALLED BEST ANSWER TO CRISIS. As Middle East crisis heated up, several Protestant churchmen urged this country to work through UN. Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, president, Methodist Board of World Peace, said U.S. policy should be guided by UN's sanction and action. "The U.S. is not rich enough to be a perennial Santa Claus, or powerful enough to be a perpetual policeman," he added. And Dr. Edwin T. Dahlberg, president, National Council of Churches, urged governments to make "maximum use" of the UN and all channels of peaceful settlement.

RE METHODISTS OVER-ORGANIZED? Bishop F. Gerald Ensley, Iowa Area, warns pastors and district superintendents not to make Methodist machinery an end in itself. "Though more efficient," he says, "we are less democratic than many other denominations. An individualist will be unhappy and frustrated in our church. We have a tendency to overlook the value of anything that has no immediate cash return. And many Methodist ministers know their Conference minutes better than they know the Bible. Can you name one outstanding Methodist theologian? We are too busy doing things."

ETHODISTS ADDRESS TOKYO CONVENTION. Four major addresses at the World Convention on Christian Education this month in Tokyo were by Methodists: Bishop Shot K. Mondol, Delhi, India; Prof. G. Baez-Camargo, Mexican educator; the Rev. John Havea, former Crusade Scholar of the Tonga Islands, and Dr. Gerald E. Knoff, executive of the National Council of Churches. About 150 U.S. Methodists attended.

HURCH COLLEGE SALARIES STILL LOW. Church-related private colleges have boosted faculty salaries 13 per cent in the last two years. But they still pay far less than other institutions of higher learning, according to the National Education Association. Median salary at small schools is $4,610, up $529 over 1956, and at large schools (over 1,000), $5,344, up $588. State universities now have a median salary of $6,370.

ABOR SUNDAY MESSAGE. To be read from many Protestant pulpits on Sunday, Aug. 31, a message from the National Council of Churches stresses: the basic right of every man to "protection against unemployment," the struggle of some unions to rid their ranks of racketeers, and a call for better labor-management relations. On the corruption issue, it praises new efforts by AFL-CIO leadership to oppose unethical practices shown to exist in several unions.

(*More church news, page 66*)

Give Bells to Your Church

Give Schulmerich Carillonic Bells* as many thoughtful donors do. Within your life-time in your own name . . . or as a timeless tribute to your departed . . . Schulmerich is the world's standard for quality. With appropriate plaque, if desired. As low as $975. Terms. Write for brochure.

Organizations who wish to give to their church are invited to write. Pastors and Committees! Write for Schulmerich's "Carillon Bells" Fund-Raising Plan.

*Trademark

SCHULMERICH
CARILLONIC BELLS*
3113 Carillon Hill • Sellersville, Pa.
"A World-Honored Name"

Try this Easy Way to Earn $$ on the Side!

Up to $100 a Month Can Be Yours!

Just show these smart new Christmas Card "Personals" to your friends and neighbors. You'll be amazed at how many orders they give you. And remember... you make almost a dollar profit on every Deluxe box you sell. It's considered so chic to mail these "Personal" Christmas Cards—the kind with the sender's name printed on each one. That's why they sell so fast and why you can make up to $6.00 an hour without half trying.

No House-to-House Canvassing!
No ringing strange doorbells. Just make friendly calls on people you know and you'll be amazed at how quickly your earnings pile up. Before you know it you'll be richer by $100 or more just for a little pleasant, easy, spare time work. It's really fun!

FREE Special Portfolios of 42 Best Designs

Sell For As Little As 4¢ a Card

Just mail the coupon and we'll send you portfolios of 42 different samples —*absolutely* **FREE.** See these wonderful values at our new low prices—exclusive new "Personal" Christmas Cards in Religious, Artistic, Heart Warming and Business Styles—PLUS a Catalog from which to select Stationery, Gift Wrappings, Everyday Greeting Cards, 2 Christmas Box Assortments are also sent on approval. We'll also show you how to get $1,000 Accident Insurance as *Extra Bonus.*

General Card Co., Dept. 227-J
1300 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 7.

GENERAL CARD CO., Dept. 227-J
1300 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 7, Ill.
Please rush FREE Portfolios of 42 "Personal" Christmas Cards, your Big Color Catalog of Decorations, Gift Wraps and simple instructions for making up to $6 an hour taking orders. Also send me on approval 2 Big Assortments of Cards I can sell for cash right away.
☐ Check here if under 14.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

"Because I was driving myself too hard, my doctor started me on Postum!"

"**You know how** it is when you're busy. You just keep going. But suddenly I found that it took more and more effort to do everyday things. And at night I was so keyed up I couldn't fall asleep for thinking of what had to be done tomorrow.

"Finally I went to the doctor. He said perhaps I was 'over-coffeed' and explained that some people just can't tolerate all the coffee they drink. He suggested I drink Postum instead because Postum is 100% caffein-free . . . can't wear on your nerves or keep you awake.

"And I'm really enjoying Postum. More so because I sleep so much better, feel so much better—and get more things done."

Postum is 100% coffee-free

Another fine product of General Foods

Between an atom locked deep in the eternal hills, and another which bursts in the heart of a flaming sun, a bereaved woman discovers the reassuring hand of God.

I See God in the Rocks and Stars

By ERNA CLARK

AS I LAY on my camp cot that night, despair and loneliness gripped my heart. This wild California desert and mountain country had meant so much to my husband and me. Now he was no longer here to share it.

Overhead, thousands of stars blazed like gems on a velvet field dotted by a few fluffy clouds. Nearby loomed the silent mountains where we had loved to dig together for gem stones and colorful rocks.

Since my husband's death weeks before, I had been unable to relax. Tension built up; I could hardly sleep. A six-year-old niece, who stayed with me for about a week after the funeral, told other relatives:

"I'm taking care of my Aunt Erna now. Since Uncle Doc died, all she's got is rocks!"

Yes, rocks—and stars.

Now, at the insistence of friends who sought therapy for my sorrow, I had returned to both. The stars, I knew, are giant suns flaring in the depths of endless space. They're the most awe-inspiring examples of God's handiwork. Yet, I thought, the pieces of agate and jasper I had found that afternoon are as much a part of the divine plan as the great galaxy of Andromeda or the nebula in Orion. The very earth in which I had dug all day was part of a perfect creation.

Suddenly, as I reflected on the beauty and timelessness of rocks and stars, another thought struck me. My cares and my sorrow were as nought in a limitless universe; yet, God did care and he would sustain me.

Then it was, without realizing it, that I slipped into a deep sleep—the first sound one in many weeks. I awoke the next morning to singing in the camp, to the aroma of coffee, and one of the most gorgeous desert sunrises I have ever seen.

Since that day I have continued with renewed interest and inspiration the hobby of rock collecting and astronomy. More than before, I see God in rocks and stars. When I unearth a beautiful rock, I contemplate the aeons it took to produce it by the processes and laws of the Master Craftsman. Once I found an agate which, when cut, revealed a perfect replica of a windswept tree. Perhaps someday I'll find a design as unusual as that discovered in agate by a Montana woman—the Nativity, complete with Joseph, Mary, and Babe!

While rock collecting has helped me feel closer to my Creator, it serves also as a fascinating hobby. I fashion paperweights and book ends out of rocks and give them away. I make ring and bracelet sets, realizing that these beautiful stones will outlast the hand that holds them—that down through the coming ages they can continue to give joy to others. Once I even fashioned a "Dinner of Rocks," consisting of rocks and minerals resembling foods.

Yes, in rocks and stars I find surprises and wonders at every turn. But one of the great rewards comes at the end of the day as I sit around a campfire, singing hymns with fellow collectors. Then I feel a new closeness to nature, God, and my fellow man.

4 Great Enemies of Time

By ROBERT R. UPDEGRAFF

THE FIRST and perhaps the greatest enemy of time, which many of us must fight every day of our lives, is Procrastination. It is one of the most common human failings. But it is a habit that must be cured if we ever hope to assume control of our time and make the best use of our energy.

Whenever we put off doing something until we "have the time" we are dulling the cutting edge of our lives. We will never "have the time."

That sterling copybook maxim, "Procrastination is the thief of time," needs to be restricted in modern form to attract our attention. Happily an anonymous writer has done this in a picturesque sentence: "The greatest stumbling block in the path of most men is not laziness or fear but a tight-skirted, low-necked, sultry-voiced, diamond-bedecked, perfume-scented vamp called 'Tomorrow.' "

We make bold plans—and then wait until Tomorrow to start carrying them out. We think and plan and draw mental pictures of the fine things we are going to do—and then put off doing them until Tomorrow. The days and weeks pass, the months slip by, but Tomorrow never arrives.

The cold, hard fact is that all of Tomorrow is not worth 10 minutes of Today.

We wear ourselves out, wasting both our time and our energy, carrying the load of unstarted tasks or projects which we might complete in a few hours—perhaps in a few minutes—if only we would begin them.

The most effective technique for overcoming this insidious habit is a two-step process as simple as it is positive in its results. It is based on the fact that Procrastination is largely a matter of indecision.

The indecision may be due to the fact that our imag nations conjure up difficulties or obstacles that are n there at all. More often, however, we are indulging the lazy habit of mentally picturing ourselves doing tl thing with greater ease at some later time.

The first step in curing ourselves of indecision is take a minute or two to determine just what is involv in the doing before we postpone the chore or task. Th tiny time investment will often save us hours, even da of the mental energy of carrying a load of unfinish business.

The second step is to say: I am going to decide rig now exactly when I will do this thing.

This is the Decision Technique, and it is an effe tive specific for curing Procrastination. We may deci to do it at once, which is usually the simplest and easi course. But if we do not, then we should compel oursel to decide: I will do this at eight o'clock this evening, I will do this before lunch, or, I will do this at ten o'clo tomorrow morning. Or at some other definite time.

It is amazing how simple it is to get at a task if make a definite commitment to ourselves for a defini time, rather than merely promising ourselves to do "later on" or "when I have more time."

Having set a definite time, we can then go about o other affairs with a free mind. But we must police Pr crastination sternly by making ourselves stick to o bargain when that time comes. Actually, the polici is not too difficult. As an ex-procrastinator, I find I ta a grim satisfaction in making myself come through schedule. Or, when I find myself starting to set a lat time for doing something, I say to myself, "Oh bother why not do it now and get it out of the way?"

Condensed from the book, All the Time You Need, *by Robert R. Updegraff, © 1958 by Prentice-Hall, Inc.*

A second common enemy of time is that mirage orld—Sometime. This is a fair-promise word that lulls into thinking we are going to do things which we ll never "get around to," but which hang over us and nsume a bit of mental energy every time we think of em.

"Sometime-itis" is a special form of procrastination iich often involves major projects or undertakings by ans of which we expect to open a new chapter in our es or make progress along a new path.

Some people promise themselves to write a story or book, but never get at it. Some promise themselves embark on a special course of study, or change to a w job in a field closer to their natural interest, or take rip abroad, or take music lessons, or join a church, buy a home—to mention but a few of the "Sometime ns" which people make so easily but so often fail to ry out.

Whenever we catch ourselves making "Sometime" omises, we will do well to check ourselves with a perent one-word question: When?

The answer may be "Now" or it may be "Never." But should not continue to be "Sometime."

In less important matters, such as capitalizing on our as, action is the most effective antidote for "Someme."

George M. Cohan, one of the great theatrical procers of yesterday, was a man who had no use for the ord "Sometime." He put his ideas to work at once. If got the inspiration for a new song, likely as not it ould be sung in one of his shows that very night. Such s the story of his famous World War I song, *Over here*. The germ idea came to him one morning. He right down and dashed off the words. By afternoon e song was in rehearsal. That night it was sung in s Broadway show. It swept the world!

If the song had not caught on, it would have been ietly buried—without tears. George M. Cohan could nd a failure, but he refused to clutter his life with ans or ideas to be tried out "Sometime."

A third common enemy of time is Excuse—the habit excusing our inaction. During the course of our lives, ost of us waste much more time explaining why we ve not yet got around to doing things than it would ve taken to do them.

One summer, as an experiment, I kept count of the mber of times one neighbor explained to me and her neighbors why he had not been able to find time put up a birdhouse which he had purchased two asons before but never unwrapped.

One afternoon, after listening to him for the 18th me devote at least five minutes to elaborate self-justifition, I suggested: "Let me help you put it up—right ow!"

"All right," he agreed. Actually, I didn't help at all, ut merely watched and timed him. To locate the packge, get tools and a stepladder from the cellar, hang e birdhouse in a tree, and return the tools and stepdder to the cellar, took him just 18 minutes!

Ridiculous, of course. But probably not a day passes the lives of any of us that we do not spend more time explaining why we haven't done something than it would have taken us to do it. Every time we indulge in such explanations we are merely confessing to ourselves —and to the world at large—that we have not learned to manage our time.

Conversely, every time we substitute action for explanation and get some task behind us, we increase the value of the minutes and hours that follow. Furthermore, we build our sense of self-respect, which in itself contributes importantly to more effective use of our time and gives us firmer control of our lives.

A fourth great enemy of time is Regretting. Of all the senseless wastes of time and mental energy, Regretting is probably the least excusable.

"Finish each day and be done with it," wrote Emerson. "You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely, and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense."

There is not one of us whose life could not, if we would let it, become cumbered with our old nonsense.

The late Cyrus H. K. Curtis believed that blunders, mistakes, regrets, and disappointments should be written off at bedtime each night so that, upon awakening, one would face a fresh page of life, clean and inviting. He compressed his philosophy into four words: "Yesterday ended last night."

One day I lunched with a man who had retired several years ago with a fortune of more than $30 million. The depression that started in 1929 had wiped it out. Literally, he had been broke, and was forced to take a job with his old company, starting all over again on a modest salary.

That luncheon was one of the most stimulating experiences I have ever had. My ex-millionaire guest passed over his lost fortune with a sentence: "I enjoyed it while I had it, but I'm having such a good time today that I never even think about it." Then he plunged into his plans for the next 10 years. This at an age when most men are through!

The person of mature mind knows that every day spent with Regretting is a day wasted. Life cannot be lived retroactively. When an experience is passed, it is beyond recall. We can learn from it, but we cannot correct it. And even if we could, none of us is wise enough to be sure, at the time, that the experience which upset us really is unfortunate. It may, in fact, be good fortune in disguise. Often when we look back on some piece of ill-fortune we see that it worked out to our advantage. So why should we ever waste any of our time or energy of the spirit with Regretting?

One of the sanest men I know has what he calls his 22-Minute Rule for Forgetting. Whenever he suffers a disappointment, big or little, or makes a mistake, he applies his rule and allows himself just 22 minutes—and I've seen him consult his wrist watch—to forget it, write it off, bury it.

"We waste enough time and energy every year with senseless Regretting," he declares whimsically, "to write a book or wash a whole herd of elephants!"

These prisoners may have a bad time but . . .

They Wear the 'Yoke' Behind Walls

By WILLIAM L. WORDEN

ONE MAN was a light-skinned Negro, the next a Caucasian with an alcohol-ruined face, the third a youngster with a bitter twist to his mouth. Other blue-denim uniforms in the tiny office of Chaplain Charles F. Paine belonged to a bank robber, a narcotics peddler, a bad-check artist, and an auto thief. Counterfeiters, forgers, rapists, and pimps were listed in correspondence piled high on a desk. All were then, or had been, inmates of McNeil Island federal penitentiary, serving years or decades in these guarded buildings surrounded by blue water and green trees.

The men in the office wore the same uniforms, heavy shoes, and haircuts as the rest of the 1,300 prisoners. Their crimes, on the average, were no less and no greater than the others'. They had received no special attention and had no hope of special rewards. Several had been refused paroles. Backgrounds were varied and their educations ran the gamut from nothing at all to graduate degrees.

But they were definitely different.

A soft-voiced Negro finally spoke for them all. "Coming to a place like this," he said, "a man goes through A and O—that's 'admission and orientation'—and right then he can see he's in the main stream. There's just two things you can do: go with it like all the others, or make up your mind to go against it, your own way. The main thing these pins mean ——" he touched a small, gold-plated pin in the shape of an ox yoke on his collar——"is that a man's made up his mind to go against the main stream."

It would be difficult to define in a better way the members of the Yokefellows Associates who have accepted its disciplines behind prison walls; some 60 men who, in four years, have promised to lead Christian lives, to pray and to read the Scriptures daily, to attend church services weekly, and to become Christian witnesses.

A definite commitment to Christ in everyday life is never easy. In prison, it demands the courage to speak out, to hold fast against monotony, and to stand firm against ridicule from which a man never can escape, even to privacy.

These men live in 10-man cells or 58-man dormitories. Their Scripture reading must be done while other prisoners play games or boast of their criminal exploits. Their daily prayers must be said while men within hearing tell lewd stories with blistering profanity. Says one Yokefellow: "In a cell, men talk about the big jobs they've pulled, the money they've got buried, women, and the white Cadillacs they're going to have. There just aren't any other subjects."

Nevertheless, the men committed to the Yoke wear their pins and carry their Bibles into these cells and dormitories. Asked about the pin, they explain. Tormented about it, they pray for the tormentors. At least weekly, they meet to pray together, to discuss each other's problems, and to share religious experiences. Thus they have won the respect of other prisoners and some normally suspicious custodial officers.

The idea of having a Yokefellows organization within a prison is the creation of Paine, a young Methodist graduate of Methodist-related Baker University and of Southern Methodist University. A Navy chaplain in World War II, he later served two Minnesota churches, then became chaplain at the Milan, Mich., federal correctional institution. In 1952 he transferred to McNeil Island.

"One of the problems of men in

There are just two things you can do in 'the pen'; go with the vicious stream—or make up your mind to swim against it.

institutions," he says, "is that of sharing any religious experience, of feeling that anyone cares or understands. Inmates need to know other men like themselves who desire to believe."

Four years ago the chaplain obtained permission to hold small meetings. The group, at first only three or four men, met simply to discuss their interest: religion as a vital force. They soon found that when one man discussed his beliefs and problems others were strengthened by the knowledge that they did not stand alone. Frightening experiences might turn out to be similar to those of a man in the next cell.

Paine heard of the national Yokefellows Associates through a Washington address by D. Elton Trueblood, professor of philosophy at Earlham College and founder of the movement. Impressed by the idea of small groups joining together for a more demanding Christianity, Paine returned to McNeil Island and asked his own group if they would care to study the Yokefellow discipline.

The response was enthusiastic. "It gave the men a symbol for the thing we were trying to accomplish," Paine explains. "We seized on the Yokefellow ideas as a formalization. The men needed just such a thing as a pin to wear and a card to carry to symbolize their commitment to Christ and to the disciplines of Christian living."

Recognizing that sincerity would be the first essential for the program, and that this best could be obtained from the ideas of the men, Paine had the group set its own rules. They were few and simple: no attempt for size would be made, no public announcements or invitations would be given, and no attendance records kept. The result is that a prisoner seeking favorable notice from prison or parole officials can gain nothing by attending meetings. He comes to share in a religious experience, nothing more. Currently, the two Yokefellow groups of about 15 each meet Thursday evenings and Sunday afternoons. To attend, an inmate must forego something else—two hours in the open prison yard, a movie, radio program, or basketball game.

A typical meeting opens with a short inspirational reading, then plunges directly into discussion of an experience or problem by one of the men. For more than an hour, one or several such discussions may go on, seldom interrupted by the chaplain. After nearly two hours, Paine usually leads a short prayer, and one or two of the men add their prayers to his. This simple format is all there is to a Yokefellow meeting.

"What you must realize," says one member, "is that just sitting and talking to somebody interested in the same ideas is the rarest privilege in a prison . . . This Yokefellow meeting is one place, and just about the only place, where I can talk about the things most important to me."

The talk ranges from the painfully simple to the profound. Fairly typical was a statement given by a man soon to be released, explaining what had happened to him behind walls. "When I came here," he said, "it was the most dramatic day of my life. Entering that gate, I made a remark to myself: 'By playing the fool, you've gotten yourself into this. The only thing to do now is to use common sense and get out of it.' Then, for some reason, I began thinking about friends. The word, 'friends,' just kept coming to my mind. I began thinking of those people who at one time I had considered friends. How many of those people did I have now? How many would come to my rescue? I couldn't think of many.

"Then another strange thing happened, and I say it was the work of God. The song, *What a Friend We Have in Jesus,* came into my mind. My mother used to sing that song. I began humming it, sort of, and I seemed to get more out of that than anything else. I made up my mind, 'Well, there's my friend. That's my only friend.' And now this group

getting along Together

•

One Sunday morning as my eight-year-old and I were on our way to church, I noticed that she spoke to several elderly people.

"Honey," I asked finally, "do we know all those people?"

"No, Mother," she answered, "but God wants us to say 'Good Morning,' to old people—it makes them happy."

—Mrs. June Farlow, *Decatur, Ill.*

•

As my family and I prepared to leave the home where we had been dinner guests, our hosts stood up, clasped hands, and invited us to be part of the circle they formed. We did; then, with heads bowed, we all repeated the Lord's Prayer in unison. This was no show for the new pastor, either; I learned later that this family says good-by to all its guests that way.

—Rev. Russell Shivers, *Pleasantville, N.J.*

•

An old lady I know has five grown children, each living far away. Recently she sent each one a pillbox with directions, "Take for relief of nervousness, anxiety, or sleeplessness." Inside were what appeared to be papers filled with medicinal powders, each marked, "Take as many as needed."

Inside each paper, instead of the expected powder, was a Bible verse, suggestions for hymn readings, or personal religious messages, such as, "Just talk to God and let his peace enfold you."

—Mrs. P. H. Horner, *Dublin, Va.*

•

A small girl, sent on an errand by her mother, returned after an unusually long time.

When her mother asked the reason, the girl replied, "I met a friend who had broken her dolly."

The mother asked, "You stopped to help her, then?"

"No," said her daughter. "I stopped to cry with her."

—Mrs. E. McPherson, *Whittier, Calif.*

•

Little tales for this column must be true—stories which brightened a day or lightened a heart. If used, you will receive $5. Contributions cannot be returned.—Eds.

has really done wonders for me."

Another said:

"We are all materialists in this room. We were, or we wouldn't be here. We didn't steal because we wanted to give money to the church. We stole because we wanted it for ourselves. We cannot afford to be materialistic any longer.

"I came into this group with a tongue-in-cheek attitude. I wanted to believe in God. Rather, I believed in God as such, but wanted to find out more about God. I now firmly believe in God. I could not have sustained the shocks of things that have happened to me here had I not had something to cling to, something which is not available in this institution other than in this room and in your own spirit, or in church."

One man shares with the group his fears of losing his family through divorce, another asks their prayers for a cellmate "who's been giving me a bad time about all this." One admits, shamefaced, that a religious discussion in his cell developed into a fight "and I made the hole" (solitary confinement). Still another declares his belief that he finally has alcoholism whipped "after wasting about 40 years of my life." Such are Yokefellow meetings.

Paine is all too familiar with the sudden conversions of men in prison—men who promptly forget their new beliefs when released—and with prison-reform movements which look wonderful for a while, then die unnoticed. He is, therefore, most reluctant to predict anything about the permanent effects of Yokefellow activities. But of some 30 Yokefellows released from prison in these four years, only two have ended in more trouble with the law. The period is too short and the numbers too small for important conclusions; but the figure is in startling contrast to the prison-wide norm: 60 per cent of the men released will be back in prison, many within a few months.

Yokefellows in the Los Angeles area received special permission from probation officers to meet together, despite the general rule against association of parolees. Members of this group have helped other former prisoners get jobs, win battles against alcoholism, and solve family problems. Yokefellows in half a dozen states write often to Paine and, through him, to men still in prison, both to show that they have not forgotten and to gain new strength for themselves. Their reports include letters from grateful wives who have found them different from the men who went to prison. Inmates transferred to other prisons write wistfully, missing the Yoke meetings. Released Yokefellows have joined half a dozen different churches, some entering church buildings for the first time with anything more than burglary in mind.

The record has a definite pattern: an Indian bitter and embattled all his life in a Caucasian civilization has learned at last to live even with the neighbors who despise his race; a man who thought the only way to get money was to rob a bank now runs a series of small retail shops; a brilliant alcoholic caught once again by his own weakness stopped just short of being sent back to prison; a veteran of a dozen prisons and jails, although complaining of police harassment and financial difficulties, has been free and out of trouble for two years, the longest period in his adult life. These are the men who have carried the Yoke along when they left prison.

Inside the walls, the meetings continue. There is some study, some prayer, some talking by rusty-voiced men about their problems of the spirit. A long-time troublemaker now wears the Yoke pin and grins when somebody calls him "Happy." A graduate of Alcatraz gratefully receives a pin and a card after months of attending meetings. "I have," he says, "a couple of men in my cell asking me to pray for them now." A brilliant technician, now at the end of a long, tragic road, declares, "I was immature. I wouldn't face my need for God." A stripling who has been in prison more years than he has been old enough to vote, says, "I never grew up. Now I think I have."

So what good can a few meetings do? What difference whether a man agrees to pray daily for himself and others, in a cell or out of it? What can be accomplished by Scripture reading, or church attendance, or promise to live an active Christian life, when a felon is behind walls?

Asked these questions, Paine is brief.

"I think one thing really is important," he says. "It changes the man.

The help they received they repaid after years had gone by as . . .

A Loan of Honor

By ANDRE MAUROIS

Distinguished French author

TWENTY YEARS AGO I enjoyed the friendship of a young married ›uple—both writers. I shall call them Juliette and Pierre Davay, although ıch were not their real names, which I prefer not to disclose. I respected ıem quite as much as I liked them. They were both talented. Pierre was ıe of the most cultured men I have ever met. He had written novels and ·erary essays which, although they had brought him little money, had on acclaim from critics of note, who were unanimous in predicting that ierre would become one of the best-known novelists of our day. His wife, ıliette, had published, at the age of 22, a volume of stories so charming ıd original that for her, also, a brilliant future was predicted.

Although they were quite poor, I never heard a complaint from them. hey were bringing up two young children in a tiny apartment, which ıey had decorated themselves in a most attractive and modern style. bout 1930 an avalanche of catastrophes descended upon them. The elder the children showed signs of lung trouble and had to be sent to the ıountains. Then Juliette, herself, was obliged to undergo an operation. he day on which I visited her at the clinic, Pierre was not present, and ıe admitted to me that she did not know how they would be able to ıeet the surgeon's fee.

Naturally, I wished to give or advance to them the needed sum of ıoney, but knowing they possessed a Castilian pride, I was at a loss to now how to broach the subject. The Davays had never, since I had nown them, accepted financial aid, and the thought of "lending" money such close friends was repugnant to me, since cruel experience had ught me that many times such a favor ends in a separation between the est of friends.

This comes about, of course, through no one's fault. The friend who cepts the loan does so with the best intention of canceling it as quickly possible; however, should circumstances prevent him, he does not suc-eed. Then, as time goes on, he begins to dread meeting his friend, the

"But you must give your solemn promise that you will . . . give the identical sum to another writer or artist who will, in his turn, make the same pledge."

sight of whom serves to remind him of his obligation—this in spite of the fact that the obliging friend makes no reference to his loan and does his best to give the impression that he has forgotten it, which may indeed be true. To the debtor, however, the remembrance is inexorable, and he begins to avoid his friend rather than being forced to make explanations. A false and unhappy situation!

Not wishing to expose my friends and myself to such a possibility, I said to Juliette:

"You are both embarrassed by the lack of this sum of money which I could give you without the slightest inconvenience, but I know you would not accept it as a gift, and I do not want to offer it as a loan, because I value your friendship too much to run the risk of having a cloud come between us."

"You are quite right," replied Juliette, smiling. "Pierre is so touchy in such matters that it might spoil his pleasure in seeing you. And yet . . ."

"And yet," I said, "it would be stupid to leave you struggling against adversities which poison your life and hamper your work when I could so easily relieve the situation. Here's what I propose: I shall advance the money—not as a gift, but as a loan of honor."

"I thought," she said, "that you considered any kind of loan dangerous."

"Wait," I replied, "it must be understood that you owe me nothing—that in no case, even if you should become wealthy, will you have the right to reimburse me. But you must give your solemn promise that you will, at a time when you are able, and when the occasion presents itself, give the identical sum to another writer or artist who will, in his turn, make the same pledge to pass it on to another."

Juliette's pale face lighted up. "What a splendid idea!" she said. "I know Pierre will accept that. And I guarantee that the pledge will be kept."

Pierre did accept it and I had the pleasure of helping my friends out of a tight spot. Juliette recovered, and soon the child, cured, came back to the family. In literary circles one began to hear much of the novels of Pierre Davay. Two of his books were translated into English. In short, I saw that he was well on the road to success, when in 1939 war was declared. Pierre was an officer in the reserves. He fought courageously and was killed during the retreat of 1940 at the crossing of the Loire. A little monument has since been erected to his memory, near Saumur.

When I returned to France in 1945, I learned that Juliette was still a widow, faithful to the memory of her husband. She had succeeded in bringing up her two children all by herself.

She was managing a magazine devoted to the interests of smart women of the two Americas for which she contributed articles. It was not the type of writing she and Pierre had formerly loved doing, but it paid well. This employment permitted her to put her son and daughter through high school and into a university.

I used to meet her sometimes. "Don't judge my work," she once said, "by what you find me doing now. I am working on something else. You will see."

Sometime later a prominent Parisian editor announced the publication of a novel by Juliette Pierre-Davay. She sent me a copy, and from the first pages I realized what a beautiful book it was. I wrote a glowing review, and I was not alone in my opinion. It found favor not only with the critics, but the general reading public received it with a great deal o enthusiasm.

Some 50,000 or 60,000 copies wer sold. This did not mean a fortun but at least it brought easier livin and an assured future, for Juliett had more than one manuscript t offer.

I had completely forgotten th former loan and was surprised recent ly to find in my mail a letter i Juliette's handwriting. She had writ ten me only once in seven years, an that was to thank me for an article so I opened the letter with som curiosity.

"Dear Friend," wrote my corres pondent, "I have a piece of goo news to tell you—a little piece, per haps, but to me very important. suppose you no longer remember th day when you came to see me at th clinic in the rue Piccini and the con versation we had in regard to a loa of honor. You may be sure neithe Pierre nor I ever forgot the pledg we made to you. Unhappily, up t the time of the war our situation wa difficult. When my husband left t rejoin his regiment, we had scarcel enough to live on for more than few weeks. Then came his death, an I had a hard time filling his place a head of the family. But when m book came out, and was a success, m problems were solved. I could hav sent you the remittance last montl but I knew you would not accept i and that our agreement require something else . . .

"Then, two weeks ago, my so brought one of his friends to mee me—a very young man who is truly kind of genius. He is a poet wh seems capable of writing very beaut ful verse, but he is poor and has n time to devote to it. Rememberin our pact with you, I asked him t accept the same sum you gave us plus the interest, of course, and se cured his promise to someday do th same—namely, to aid, in his turn another young writer. I have neve forgotten how much encouragemen your confidence in our future gav us when we most needed it. So now a chain of good will has been started which, God willing, will last to th end of time . . ."

This letter gave me real joy, an inspired me with confidence in m fellow beings. Rarely does one trus in vain to a man's sense of honor

READER'S CHOICE

This month's gentle, perceptive Reader's Choice feature is from the pen of Andre Maurois, a renowned French author and critic. For bringing it to our attention, we thank Joseph T. Shackford, Walkertown, N.C. It has been a fovorite of his since it first appeared in the March, 1954, issue of *The Rotorion*, with whose permission we share it. Perhaps you, too, have on article or story you'd enjoy reading agoin. We'll be happy to consider it for publicotion if you'll address your nomination (just one to each letter, please) to Reader's Choice Editor, TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. Then, if it's chosen and you were first to suggest it, a $25 check will be yours.—EDS.

PETS

Beyond Price

By BARBARA PAIGE

PETS ARE an important part of growing up. Just as a child needs love and understanding, nourishing food and a warm bed, so does he need the companionship only a pet can provide.

A small child's life revolves mostly around himself and his family. When he is given a pet with the understanding that it is his full responsibility to care for it, he is learning his first lesson in becoming a good parent in later life. As he gives love and affection, the pet returns them—many times over. In my opinion, there is no better way to teach kindness and understanding to a child than by giving him a pet to care for.

Some parents fail to provide their children with pets because they feel they cannot afford them. Yet these same parents spend money day in and day out for things far less important.

Frequently, when we take our children and our St. Bernard walking, we are stopped by strangers and questioned about the huge dog. Almost invariably they ask, "How can you feed him?" If I didn't fear offending the stranger, I'd reply, "It costs no more to feed our dog than it does to buy the average person's cigarettes." This fact actually was pointed out by a teacher at a young people's meeting several years ago. She has since said that single comparison had done more than anything else to discourage young people from smoking.

Then there are parents who say, "We can't have a pet; our child is afraid of animals." It always seems sad that many people go through life with a needless fear of animals.

When our daughter was two, she was bitten by a friend's dog. Immediately, she developed such a fear of dogs that she screamed at the sight of one. We were told that she would carry this fear all her life. And that was when our first St. Bernard came into our family.

We took her to kennels to see St. Bernard puppies, sheltered behind fences where she could safely peek through the wire. After seeing several, she begged for "one of those Teddy bears." We explained that they were really dogs; that they only looked like Teddy bears. Nevertheless, she selected a cuddly, 35-pound "baby." From that day on, they were constant companions—and as she took care of the new puppy and realized how helpless it was, her fear vanished. Today, at 19, she has had an assortment of pets—lizards, turtles, parrots, cats, and rabbits, to name but a sampling.

Our son's hobby of raising homing pigeons has been educational in a scientific way. Last year he made a scientific exhibit which was retained by the junior-high school as an outstanding contribution to the department. Through his pets, he was able to be of service to others.

A few years ago, a case was brought to my attention of a teen-age girl who was always in trouble. The juvenile and school authorities were at their wits' end. They finally decided to put her on probation for a few weeks, under the guidance of an adult friend whom she admired. The friend soon discovered that the girl was alone every afternoon after school because both parents worked; she had more time and money than she needed—but not enough love and companionship. This wise adult encouraged her to buy a bird she had wanted, but which her mother had opposed. The mother insisted that since she worked, she had no time to care for it. It was pointed out that the daughter would buy the bird with her own money and assume responsibility for its care—and the mother agreed. As time went on, the girl not only took great interest in training her pet to talk, but diligently saved her money to buy it an attractive cage. And when her probation period passed she had a perfect record!

Whenever I read in the newspaper of a teen-age shooting, I cannot help but wonder if it would have happened if the offender had shared the love and companionship of a faithful dog. I cannot believe anyone who has experienced the grief of losing a beloved pet, taken by death, could become a killer. When I read of a young mother who has abused her baby, I wonder if it would have happened had that girl, as a child, had a helpless kitten to care for.

Pets are important—not only for the hours of pleasure which they provide, but for the lessons in living which they teach: unselfishness, reliability, patience, and compassion—all outstanding qualities which help build the best in Christian character.

Unusual Methodists

WORLD LENSMAN: In John Taylor's photos are religious meanings.

HIS BEAT, THE WORLD. Photogra pher John P. Taylor covers a global assign ment; readers often see his pictures o world news events in *Look, Holiday, Th New York Times,* and elsewhere. Picture by this World Council of Churches cam eraman currently are on view in the Pro estant Pavilion at the Brussels World Fa [see *Protestant Pavilion,* July, page 63 Among featured shots is his enlarged scen of the superstructure of a church (left Artist-designer as well as photographe Taylor also helped plan the exhibit. H studied at Kansas City Art Institut painted murals in Mexico and Japan, an set up his own design studio in New Yorl where he was active in Christ Churcl Methodist. Now this layman, his artist wif and their three children are based i Switzerland—the best possible location f a photographer whose hobby is skiing.

TOP IN TECH. Chalk up two new honors in the busy life of Gordon B. Carson, dean of engineering at Ohio State University. Within a few weeks' span, he was named Technical Man of the Year in Central Ohio, and vice-president of Ohio State. In the past, he's been an executive in industry, a professor, research worker, and writer; on the side, he has invented a host of new machines. But he still finds time for photography, ice skating, gardening, and boating. And, with his wife and four children, he gives time to work of Trinity Methodist Church in Columbus, where he is on the building committee and teaches Sunday school. A friend's description: "A busy man who somehow finds time for everything."

SLIDE-RULE SPECIALIST: Gordon B. Carson, rewarded for his technical gain

MAN OF MERCY. Superstitious ex-headhunters are venturing out of Borneo's back country to try the healing powers of the Methodist medical mission, Christ Hospital. Headed by Dr. Harold N. Brewster of Montclair, N.J., on leave as medical secretary of the Board of Missions, this medical ministry is turning many natives to Christ. Working with Dr. Brewster are his daughter, Betty, a trained nurse, and Mrs. Brewster, secretary-bookkeeper. In 1950, Chinese Reds forced Dr. Brewster out of China, whereupon he headed a UN clinic in El Salvador. Then he directed the medical missions of the church in New York for five years. Dr. Brewster and his work in the Sarawak hospital are featured in a TV film, *MD International,* which, before moving to the Brussels World Fair, was shown on a nation-wide U.S. hookup. In the coast-to-coast viewing audience: 3 million Methodists.

MEDICAL MISSION: Dr. H. N. Brewster brings healing where needed most.

ORCHID LOVERS: To Edward Giecks, their flowers spell devotion.

FLOWERS & SERVICE. Orchids are the rule at Grace Methodist Church, Long Beach, Calif. Why? Because Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gieck serve their church with a "ministry of orchids." Honored women guests and officers are regularly presented with corsages for church teas and banquets; mothers wear orchids on Mother's Day. The project began three years ago with a single orchid plant—and a dedicated Christian couple. Today the Gieck conservatory boasts more than 150 cattleya orchids and 30 cymbidiums. Other flowers from the Gieck garden, including prize-winning roses and dahlias, decorate the church and parsonage. Mr. and Mrs. Gieck are active in church affairs, too; typically, when they arrived in Long Beach to make their home, Mrs. Gieck postponed her unpacking—until she had found the nearest Methodist church.

In casting this church bell, first step calls for inch-thick layer of clay over the heavy iron core of the bell mold.

For thousands of years their pealing has brought man news both joyous and sad, and called him to work and rest—but most of all, to worship.

The Bells in Our Lives

By DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

Next a hand-operated crane lowers a bell-shaped cope, which is also clay lined, into its position over the core.

A workman, using steel di stamps inscription which to appear on finished be

Now the bell is ready for casting as molten bronze, which is a mixture of tin and copper, is poured into the cavity between clayed surfaces of cope and mold. This bell, one of several ordered by a church from the Stucksted firm of St. Louis, weighs 2,300 pounds.

HUNG between earth and high heaven, bells speak, in church towers, with the voice of God. Yet they are man-made, with an ancient history, remote in time and distant geographically.

In the Bible, bells are mentioned as early as Exodus. In China, their story runs back some 46 centuries; small bells have been found in the ruins of Assyrian cities, and hand bells discovered in Egyptian mummy cases. In Celtic legends it is told that the most solemn of oaths were sworn, not upon Holy Writ, but upon some honored bell. From time immemorial, the tongue of a bell has summoned in mankind a response to devotion or to duty.

For these clamorous or tolling notes are intricately woven into the worldly life of man, as well as into his heavenly hopes. The school bell awakens panic in the tardy child and the fire bell rouses men from sleep to the help of their fellows. From olden times our ancestors had a bell for civic conscience. Often it was one single bell, which told the time of day, gave warning in case of fire or attack, called to meeting in town council, or to worship in church, and reminded that the hour had come for matins or vespers. So the bell became a needed and loved presence in the early community.

Thus, in the Old World, bells have long given tongue to the deepest feelings of the people. Once the death knell was tolled three times for a child, six times for a woman, nine for a man. At the death of a high dignitary, the clapper has often been muffled on one side, so that each loud stroke was followed by a ghostly, padded blow. When a young maiden died, both sides were muffled.

Hearing the knell ring out, people would anxiously send to inquire what soul had passed from earth. But, said the poet John Donne, with a deep instinct for the oneness of humanity, "Never send to know for whom the bell tolls; It tolls for thee."

Yet bells are also the tongues of rejoicing. How they have pealed out the news of victory and liberation over all the embattled lands of Europe!

Here in my own town the bells of the Santa Barbara mission yearly burst forth in joyous clamor to usher in the annual fiesta. These bells are my neighbors and daily their notes float out over my garden. Not only do they mark significant periods of this old city by the sea, but they have rung in its history from the first coming of Christianity.

In the earthquake of 1925 all the mission bells shivered and thundered; some fell, some were cracked where they hung. The people of the town joined together to restore its voice. Today the bells have been recast and retuned. The expense was borne by Protestants, Jews, and Catholics alike. For the mission bells are *our* bells.

A bell can be not only a community's voice, but that of a nation. There is, I venture, no single object so sacred to the people of America as the Liberty Bell. Hanging from its hand-hewn walnut beam, a mighty weight 12 feet around at the lip, the Liberty Bell lives on, though mute, for all of us. It has not only declared our independence, it first prophesied it. For at its making there was blazoned around its crown a verse from Leviticus: *"Proclaim liberty throughout all the land and unto all the inhabitants thereof."*

IN ENGLAND hangs another famous bell, one which utters news of fortunes made or catastrophic losses. This is the bell of Lloyd's of London, the great insurance house. Taken from the wrecked ship *Lutine* (once insured by Lloyd's), it hangs in a sort of slim temple in the middle of the principal room of the busy company and is rung before the announcement of important news. One stroke foretells unhappy tidings; two strokes announce good fortune.

So these throats of cold metal proclaim to men the happenings around them, helping to shape their lives on earth as well as their efforts toward a better life of the spirit. Bells have had, too, more influence on church architecture than any other one factor.

Someone has called the church spire "God's finger pointing to the sky." Rather, I think it should be called man's hand raised in testament, for therein are hung his bells, to speak his hopes and fears and commands over the countryside. And the flatter that is, the taller you will find the bell tower. Hills and mountains contain this voice of any community dwelling therein, but in the flatlands bells can be heard for many miles, if only they are hung high enough. Thus in parts of Belgium and Holland the children may be summoned to school or to their homes, or warned to rise or go to bed by special little tunes played for them on the bells of the great singing towers. Playing melodies at every hour or half hour, the bells give to the industrious people of the Low Countries music that lightens their labors.

These older carillons, notably in Europe, consist of a set of cast bells in a fixed position, not swung but struck with mechanically operated hammers. Such a chime is weighty and costly, requiring a sturdy tower to contain it. But with the age of electronics came a new device, permitting even modest churches to ring out sacred music over a wide area. This consists of a set of tiny metal rods struck with small hammers, the result electronically amplified. The whole installation may weigh under 200 pounds and the cost is within reach of almost any determined congregation. The first of these carillons was bought by a Methodist church in Somerville, Massachusetts. And it was a Methodist pastor, Dr. Charles Ray Goff, of the First Methodist Church of Chicago [see *Love at Second Sight*, January, 1957, page 17],

Final step before shipping: cast-iron yoke, from which bell will swing in church tower, is lowered in place.

Artisans cast McKendree's bell long before U.S. was discovered.

Oldest College Bell in America

IN RINGING TONES, 10 minutes before each hour, a 1,000-year-old bell tolls in the old chapel tower at Methodist-related McKendree College, Lebanon, Ill.

Inscriptions indicate the bell was molded in Spain during the eighth century.

Believed to be the oldest in the nation, the bell was brought to St. Louis in the 1850s by traders who found it in a deserted New Mexico church. In St. Louis it was recast for the third time in its long, historic life. In 1858, it was purchased by McKendree, the oldest Methodist college in terms of continuous control by our church. McKendree was founded by pioneer churchmen in 1828.

From this tower, a century ago, the college bell was first tolled.

who was responsible for the mighty melodies which ring out over the canyons of the Windy City from the Chicago Temple. A world traveler, he had heard cast bells pealing in England, France, the Low Countries, and temple bells struck in India, Siam, and Indo-China. But it was only on his return home to his duties in what is called the world's tallest church tower, that he heard the bell music he had been seeking, and had a set installed in the temple tower. This set, too, is electronically operated. From 400 feet above the narrow, crowded streets, it sends its music rejoicing forth to lighten hearts below.

FROM such modern means of "ringing in the new," it is a long way back to the bells that "rang out the old." These bells of olden days took on many shapes—flat sided, square, oblong, and, in the Orient, tumbler shaped. But the form familiar to us in the Western world has its own exact proportions, with acoustics as complex as those of a violin. A good bell is bronze in the proportion of four parts of copper to one of tin. The thickness of the metal must not be uniform, for that gives a dead tone; the greatest thickness should be found on the sound bow, where the tongue or clapper strikes, and should taper swiftly down to the rim and gradually up through the long waist of the bell to the shoulder. The height and diameter of the best bell, say authorities, should bear an exact relationship. Thus a bell weighing 2,000 pounds, for instance, should be four feet in diameter at the mouth, with a sound bow 3½ inches thick.

The musical pitch is determined by the weight. To make a bell exactly one tone higher on the diatonic scale than another, it should be one eighth lighter. The bell founders, in pouring the molten bronze into the mold, are able to tune approximately by weight. If a bell note is absolutely pure at the start, it is said to have a "maiden ring." If finer tuning is needed, the sound bow can be filed thinner on the inside to heighten the pitch. To lower the pitch, the rim is shortened by a whetstone.

In such fashion were cast the famous bells of the world, Big Ben, Great Peter, Great Paul, and Great Tom of Britain, and the great bell of Moscow, the world's biggest bell—which has never given tongue, for it was cracked long ago by a fire. Czar Boris Godunov had placed in the Kremlin the largest ringing bell ever known, of about 128 tons—and how the bells clamor in the opera named for him! For composers have been swift to see how bells can heighten their effects. In Tchaikovsky's *1812 Overture,* too, we hear all Russia rejoice in the clamor of bells played down the scale. Played *up* the scale the sound expresses gloom.

The English for centuries have played a kind of game with their rope-swung bells, called change ringing. The result is not melodic, but a sort of mathematical delight. Thus if you have a "ring" or set of three bells of different pitch, you can ring several changes; with five bells, you can ring 120 changes. If you have 12 bells, the change-ringing formula allows you combinations in the millions—truly "a joyful noise unto the Lord" if nothing more musical. A change-ringing team in an old English parish may include the vicar, the squire, the doctor, or even the second grave-digger, for it will be devoted to its purpose as to a sport or an art, combining indeed some of the qualities of each.

FOR me, however, bells are best rung simply, quietly, to leave the widening circles of their sound unbroken upon country air. So I remember the old plantation bell on a North Carolina farm, once a summons to the slaves, but now, in a happier world of freedom, only the voice to tell boys and girls to hasten to school.

Of one of the characters in his novels, Dostoevski says: he was an atheist, but he still loved the sound of church bells. I am no atheist; indeed even in my earliest days a church bell's call to me was imperative. That was when I was living for months on a mountaintop with my mother, where I had all the loneliness a child could use. And every Sunday, at the appointed hour, I would walk a mile so that I could hear, floating up sweet and pure and holy, the sound of a single church bell rung in the valley far below. No sound on earth, perhaps, can ever rise so near to heaven.

Bored? Dull routine got you down?
Why not do what this wise woman did?

Organize Yourself Out of the Blues

SO THE PRINCE and the princess got married and they all lived happily ever after."

I closed the book, kissed the three children good night, and went back to the stack of dishes in the sink.

As I turned on the hot water and waited for the billowy suds to foam up around this last stack of dishes for the day the phrase, "lived happily ever after," ran through my head. All the fairy tales ended this way. What stuff and nonsense they were! It certainly hadn't worked out that way for me. I'd been married seven years and this daily routine left me anything but happy!

While I scrubbed, rinsed, and stacked with automatic motions, as I'd done thousands of times before, I fell to analyzing my problem. What had I expected of marriage, anyway? What had been my goal?

My dream had included a husband, one person really to share with. One who would understand. A person who would love me by free choice, not by circumstances as my parents did. A home of my own, where I could arrange things to suit myself, prepare food I liked, use colors I liked. A home that would be a reflection of my own personality, not preshaped by some other woman. And children. I had wanted seven. In fact, we had picked out names while we were engaged. Now we had three, all dear beyond words.

I had all these things I'd dreamed of, and still I wasn't happy. What in the world was wrong with me?

There was nothing wrong with our marriage. We loved one another, deeply and truly. Our relationship had deepened and broadened with the years. We'd been through sickness, loss, financial difficulties. We knew each other in bad moments as well as good, loved each other for our faults and weaknesses as well

By MARY B. TURNER

A Together in the Home Feature

as our qualities and strengths, yet somehow we seemed to be drifting apart. I barely understood the shop talk he brought home from the office. I was sure my comments on each day's happenings bored him.

One thing I hadn't counted on when dreaming of a home of my own was the work involved in keeping it up to the standards displayed in the better magazines. I seemed to scrub and polish all day, with nothing to show for it but exhaustion each evening. As fast as I tidied a room, the children messed it up. The smallest one wasn't trained, and I had a big daily wash. My little girl loved starched dresses and I ironed as many as 14 every week. The older boy was fascinated with tearing things up. I had diverted this energy into tearing paper, but it was still an awful mess to clean up.

THE children of my dreams had been quiet, well behaved, co-operative. My own, beloved as they were, were messy, noisy, and constantly underfoot. Our days seemed to degenerate into a running battle. They pestered me to read when I was polishing silver. When I shooed them away, the ensuing quiet meant they were into mischief, which usually resulted in another mess to clean up.

Besides this, the children tied us down to an impossible degree. We hadn't seen a movie in over two years; visiting friends was no pleasure, with conversation continually interrupted to settle quarrels, save precious bric-a-brac, and otherwise control misdirected energy. I couldn't get to the beauty parlor, and my hair and hands showed the neglect. My constant costume seemed to be blue jeans and a polo shirt. My mind was in a deplorable state—occupied with what's for dinner and cleaning finger smudges off the woodwork. The daily paper went around the garbage. I hadn't read a book in years.

This whole pattern wasn't my idea of happiness. But what to do?

My first impulse was to run away. I discarded that idea at once, for there was no place I wanted to go, no one I loved as well as my family.

I could take a job! That would get me away from morning till evening, with new and different people. But then I recalled my working days before the children came. I'd come home dog tired, get supper, and then do housework far into the night. Also, if I took a job I'd have less time with my husband and someone else would be shaping the lives of my children—one of the best parts of motherhood.

Then came my inspiration.

That evening I listed my problems on paper and talked them over with my husband. He was surprised to learn I had problems, but agreed to help me however he could.

First, I went to see our doctor. I explained my depression and chronic fatigue to him. He gave me a complete checkup, found nothing wrong. But he told me that he saw many people who felt just as I did, and that fatigue was often due to boredom. He prescribed spending more money on recreation. It pays, he said, to spend more now on the little things than a great deal later recovering from a nervous breakdown.

Next, I went home and took a long look at the house. I decided I'd tried to do too much—with no organization. Our house should be a home, not a show place; it should be lived in, not set up for a picture.

I reorganized the housework, setting up a *flexible* schedule: Mondays, the week's big wash; Tuesdays, clean house from top to bottom; Wednesdays, iron; Thursdays, odd jobs and sewing; Fridays, another thorough cleaning. Saturdays and Sundays I do nothing except enjoy my family. With this plan I get more accomplished in less time and there are amazingly few loose ends.

Now I sit down once a week and make up a week's menus after consulting weekend specials at the market. Instead of haphazard, day-to-day food shopping, I do 90 per cent of it in one trip and save a lot of money in the bargain.

With the house organized, I looked to my personal situation. A friend helped me with a home permanent in return for a few hours' baby-sitting. I set aside one night a week for a home beauty treatment—shampoo, manicure, and simple wardrobe repairs. Now I greet my husband in an attractive cotton dress, though my daytime garb is still blue jeans and shirt.

I investigated the local library and now take out books and magazines once a week. I skim through the daily paper in a 15-minute morning coffee break. Every afternoon I read while the children have their naps. Slowly, as new ideas filtered into my mind I found them emerging in my conversation. I no longer had to restrict my talk to child training and recipes.

Now that I was more presentable, my husband and I ventured out together again. We joined Sunday school, made church attendance the rule. As we joined church groups, our circle of friends grew. My husband and I agreed to swap baby-sitting with each other. One night a week I go out to a woman's meeting, another night he goes to the lodge he had been longing to join. His "night out" is my "beauty night"—which is much better spent in privacy anyway.

We made arrangements with a reliable baby sitter to reserve one specific night a month, barring emergencies. That night we go out together—sometimes to a local movie or to visit friends, now and then to a nearby city for a real celebration. It is almost like the dates of our courting days.

Meanwhile, I have made it a point to give the children, individually and collectively, more attention. This took heroic self-discipline at first because I was so used to shooing them away. Also, they were so delighted that at first they overdid their demands. But gradually, as they got used to the idea that I was always available, they grew less demanding.

ALL this didn't come about immediately. It took time to accomplish. A happy husband, contented children, and a comfortable—if not spotless—home, have made the thought and effort worth while.

The other night as my husband and I looked at our sleeping little ones after the last ritual of covering them up, and as the fourth baby moved inside me, I suddenly realized that I was happier than I had ever been in my whole life. I squeezed my husband's hand and said, "Fairy tales *do* come true, don't they?"

I'm sure he didn't know what I was talking about, but I am convinced that from here on in, we are going to "live happily ever after."

Deaconesses no longer wear a black dress and little black bonnet with white tie. But at Quarterly Conference or workshop, in office or field, they give full-time service to the church.

Country Deaconess

THE ATTRACTIVE young woman at left is Ella Virginia Courtney of Rome, Ga., one of 482 active Methodist deaconesses. She is 28, the daughter of a minister, and is devoting her life to Christian service in a rural area.

It is safe to say that Methodists in general know less about their deaconesses than about their ministers, lay leaders, and stewards. But these dedicated women work in many capacities to serve the church.

You will find them working in kindergartens, as nurses or technicians, chaplains or purchasing agents, secretaries, dieticians, supply pastors, and in many other roles not requiring full clergy rights.

The standards are high, the pay often lower than one would expect in commerce and industry. Yet an

***Specialist** in rural-church and community work: Laden with notebooks and records, Miss Courtney starts out on an assignment in Van's Valley area, Georgia.*

Member of the congregation: At meeting of the Quarterly Conference, she joins in singing with the J. B. Kelleys. Later on she will give a report on her deaconess work in the area.

Country Deaconess, continued

increasing number of young women are becoming deaconesses. To qualify a girl should have given a sincere commitment to Christ and his way of life. A deaconess should have an understanding of the Bible and of Christian ethics. Mental, physical and educational qualifications must be above average.

Women such as Mississippi-born Miss Courtney have these qualities. How does she put them to work day by day? The pictures tell the story.

Qualifications: She must have pleasing personality, a love for people, sense of humor, ability to work well with others. Below, Mrs. Don Morgan stops to chat with the deaconess after the Quarterly Conference.

Welcome visitor in homes of the sick, Miss Courtney even takes babies to the doctor, is ready to assist anyone in need of help. Here she stops by home of Mrs. W. H. Davis, who has been ill, for a friendly visit, a word of cheer, and prayer.

Mutual understanding: *Born on a farm, the deaconess can candle and pack an egg as well as she can lead a prayer or conduct a worship service. Here she lends helping hand to Mrs. Paul Davis.*

Light industry *supplements income from poultry and farming around Rome. Miss Courtney, who has degree in sociology, talks to textile worker Ralph Turner, of Van's Valley church.*

It's Sunday-school time *at Van's Valley church. Miss Courtney visits a class of teen-agers and leads in prayer. As a deaconess, her work has many oft-used definitions, including "a calling, a hallowed title, a relationship—not a job."*

"Church Out of Doors" *goes indoors a Miss Courtney conducts a class in "discover group experience," pointing out the unusu leaves, flowers, and buds brought in. To qual fy as deaconesses, girls need a college degre*

Workshop over, *she returns source material to the lending library. During a two-day session on camping, Van's Valley Methodists studied everything from astronomy to botany, from wildlife to recipes for campfire stew.*

Called of God, *the first deaconesses in U. began service in 1888, but the idea began New Testament times. Today deaconess such as Miss Courtney are under sponsorsh of Woman's Division of Christian Servic*

What's Ahead For Farmers?

By CHARLES B. SHUMAN
President, American Farm Bureau Federation; Methodist layman.

FARMING is changing. Since the end of World War I, agriculture has been going through a technological revolution. We have moved from a world of horses, steam threshing machines, setting hens, country butter, family orchards, and general farming to a streamlined, mechanized, commercialized, specialized type of farming. The farming business is no longer a simple way of life.

Key factors in this revolution have been the substitution of mechanical power for muscle power and improvement of farming by application of new knowledge. Important examples are hybrid corn, antibiotics, chemical weed killers, advanced tillage equipment, commercial fertilizer, and electric power. Consumers have benefited—never before have they paid less of their income for food and clothing than they do today.

Yet, except for the Korean War period, farmers have had a relatively unfavorable economic position since 1947. Only in recent months have we had increased prices for those farm products that have not been burdened with surpluses.

In my opinion, a major cause of our troubles in agriculture is continuation by Congress of unsound legislative attempts to fix prices and control production of farm products. Looking ahead, we may need price supports to reduce wide market fluctuations, but they must not fix prices and they should be based on market prices rather than politically determined formulas.

Another factor shaping the farmer's future is steadily increasing productivity—measured by output per man-hour or per production unit.

The average farm acre in 1957 produced a fourth more crops than in 1940, and livestock production (per breeding unit) rose even faster. Output per man-hour of farm labor doubled, increasing farm output more than a third with 30 per cent fewer man-hours.

These advances would have been impossible without a spectacular increase in capital investments by farmers. Consider the figures: on January 1, 1957, the total value of farm assets was $176.8 billion, or 3 1/3 times more than the $53 billion of 1940. But farmers' liabilities were only $19.5 billion as compared to $10 billion in 1940. Farm-machinery and motor-vehicle investments totaled $17 billion, or more than five times the 1940 figure. In 17 years farmers have increased their ownership of tractors from 1.5 million to 4.5 million; of grain combines from 190,000 to 1 million, and of milking machines from 175,000 to more than 700,000.

Improved methods, increased mechanization, and greater capital investments—these made it possible for the individual farmer to operate a larger farm with less hired labor.

Meanwhile, the land used for crops is today about what it was in 1940—368 million acres in 1940 and 370 million acres in 1956, the latest accurate tabulation. The acreage of pasture and grazing lands has also remained relatively constant. But according to the 1954 Census of Agriculture, there was a decline of 1,314,383 in the number of farms between 1940 and 1954. More recent data indicates that this decline has continued.

While the amount of land farmed remained almost constant, the number of farms declined. Farms grew larger. Between 1940 and 1954, the

1940
The average farm in the USA was

174
ACRES

1954
The average farm in the USA was

242
ACRES

If that trend continues at the rate since 1940, says Dr. J. Carroll Buttom of Purdue University, by 1975 American agriculture will have

33%
FEWER PEOPLE!

average farm inereased in size from 174 to 242 acres.

This does not mean, however, that farming is becoming concentrated in the hands of a few corporation farms. Agriculture is still predominantly an industry of small businesses—largely operated as family enterprises, and indications are that it will continue.

However, growth in the size of farms does mean that the farmer must buy more of what it takes to operate. He is in the market for fuel, power, baby chicks, hybrid seed, and many items formerly produeed at home. As this trend continues, farm income will be affected more than ever by eosts determined by what happens in the nonagricultural areas of the economy.

Constantly increased costs have made an even greater impact on shrinking farm income than have declining farm prices. Farmers wish to sell their products on a relatively free competitive market and insist that the goods and serviees they purehase also be produced in a competitive market.

Reeent years have seen an alarming tendency for big business and big labor organizations to bargain with the idea of dividing up the results of their increased efficiency among labor, eapital, and management with little eoncern for the consumer. Many farmers have given up the hope of checking these monopoly practices and advocate similar tactics for agriculture. Two wrongs do not make a right. Monopoly pricing by labor and business results in drastic reductions in production—plants are shut down and men thrown out of work. Monopoly pricing in agriculture would require strict regulation of production and restrictions on who would be permitted to farm. And I do not believe this is the way to improve the farm-family income.

If the diet of the American people can be improved, farmers have a wonderful opportunity to expand their domestic market. We are the best-fed people in the world, yet more than 29 per cent of us endanger our health by a diet deficient in calcium. Consumer surveys indicate that poor diet is almost as common in high-income families as in those with a lower ineome.

It is misleading to say, "As long as there are hungry people in the world, there are no farm surpluses." Sueh oversimplification ignores trade barriers, transportation costs, and different levels of productivity. However, the unfilled potential demand of other nations presents an opportunity to American farmers for new markets —if we (1) supply the kind and quality of products desired in foreign markets, (2) do a good job of selling abroad, (3) purchase more things from other nations, and (4) price our crops competitively. This job is one of good salesmanship.

Now, what of the people who do the farming? As farms beeome larger and farmers become fewer, will our rural institutions—including our churches—and the values they develop deeline? We who are interested in the rural community are challenged to find sound answers to the social problems that come with economic change.

The nature of the rural community will be different, obviously. In some areas reduced population will force the enlargement of community boundaries and the consolidation of schools, ehurches, and local government units. Where industrial expansion is taking place, the rural community may include a much higher proportion of urban workers who prefer to live in the eountry. There it may be necessary to establish additional schools and ehurches.

Nothing is static in countryside America. Farmers are interested in building stronger and better local institutions. If farm organization, church, and eivie groups eo-operate fully at the community level, I feel sure we will build even better rural communities to meet future needs.

We in the U.S. are proud that our nation has more political freedom for its people than any nation on earth. We treasure the memory of our forebears who eame to this eountry to secure political and religious freedom, now guaranteed by the Constitution and Bill of Rights. But let us also remember that those freedoms will be in peril if we destroy economic freedom. I believe it no mere eoincidence that in this nation where the people have the greatest degree of political freedom, they also have the greatest amount of eeonomic freedom and have given Christianity as high a level of acceptance as any nation in the world.

MIDMONTH POWWOW

Cannot Forsake Small Church

Edwin E. Voigt, *Bisho*
Dakotas Area

WHAT does all this mean for th church? There may be sharp dis agreements on the teehnical aspect of this provocative article. But ther can be no disagreement about it bearing on the town and countr ehurch. Since unification of Meth odism—North and South—in 1939 authorities estimate that at least 2,00 town and eountry ehurehes hav been closed, abandoned, or sold. Bu there still are people living there What shall the ehureh do abou them? Can it forsake them beeaus of dwindling populations? Is thi reason for the chureh to decrease it efforts?

1. Although these eommunitie are smaller in population, they sti are *communities* with a sense of to getherness essential to human life an personality. If the ehurch moves ou it renounces its part in bringing th Spirit of Christ to bear on the ere tion of community at its best.

2. These eommunities are n longer "backwoods." In many o them, two thirds of the people hav been to college. A provisional or illi erate ministry is an insult to then

3. The cost of a proper ministr in plain dollars and eents, has nev really been faced. The preacher (esp cially if he is young) probably h some eollege debts to pay off. If h has a family, his Blue Cross will co at least $10 a month. He will need car. The monthly payment probab is $50. When he gets the car paid fo he will have to start payments o a new one. He will drive 1,000 t 1,500 miles a month. The eost o operation will be around $75 month. He will have to pay for h heat and light, and he ought to bu a few books. His bare eapital outla to serve as a minister, will be fro $2,000 to $2,500 a year. That is wh it costs merely to funetion.

4. The answer seems to be con bination. Little churehes that on had a pastor of their own ean n longer finance one. It is no reflectio on their character if two or thr

What's Ahead for Farmers? Continued:

Interwoven with the future of the farmer is the town and country church. Three Methodist experts take a sharp look at what's ahead for the rural church in America.

Bishop Edwin E. Voigt

Alexander Nunn

Elliott Fisher

unite to provide decent living for a well-trained minister. Such enlarged fellowship may become a source of deep spiritual enrichment.

5. And it is no reflection on a minister to serve such a pastoral appointment. Methodism cannot forsake these small cells. Out of their overflow have come some of the outstanding leaders of the church and state. The minister who touches these people in their formative years in the name of Christ is also building for a future only time and eternity will reveal.

Challenge: Fellowship

Alexander Nunn, *Exec. Ed.*
Progressive Farmer

THERE is no simple answer to the question, "What is ahead for the rural church?" The answer that fits a community with a growing number of people working off the farm may not fit a full-time farming community. Much depends on community background, pride, and leadership. A great deal depends, too, on whether national agricultural and church leaders realize that we are living in 1958, and not 1900. I am also convinced that what happens to a Methodist rural church may not necessarily be what happens to a Southern Baptist church. We do not yet really believe as a denomination that the rural church is essential to our future.

No one in the South who is aware of what has been happening to agriculture, to industry, and to population movement would insist that every country church should be maintained simply because it was established 100 or 150 years ago. In my own area there were active churches that disappeared before I was old enough to remember. Others, closed in fairly recent years, were closed by better roads, changing agriculture, and increasing mobility of our people.

We should bear in mind that we have more people today in communities of 2,500 or less than we ever had before. We might do well to remember that many townspeople prefer to worship in open-country churches with soul-satisfying services and an active program. I could take you to areas where the strongest churches are in the open country. We might well remember that it's easier for families to travel 15 miles to church today than it was to travel one or two some years gone by. The great challenge is to build a spirit of fellowship and of belonging in the larger community.

I don't know all that is ahead for the rural church. I can tell you positively what is ahead for our own denomination and the nation if they forget the rural family, the rural community, and the rural church.

We Must Not Retreat

Elliott Fisher, *President*
Methodist Rural Fellowship

CHARLES SHUMAN has pictured for us the changing pattern of American agriculture which greatly affects the life of the rural church.

In a New York paper recently an article told of the first completely electrified farm. By merely pushing a button the farmer cleaned the barns, fed his cattle, unloaded the silo, and performed dozens of other farm routines. We will all agree that this changing pattern of American agriculture calls for a new consideration of the church's program. I wish something could have been said concerning the 2.25 million farm families with a net cash income per family of around $2,000 a year, or about the farm laborers and migrants who play such an important role in our agricultural life.

The future of town and country is not as dismal as one would think. The largest population growth in the nation is in the field of the rural, nonfarm area. Last year over half of our new industries were located in communities of 10,000 or less. Reclamation projects are making available thousands of acres of land for new farms. Think of what this means in terms of new homes and new opportunities! But this changing picture of rural life means that more responsibility will be placed in the hands of the pastor.

The church must learn, too, that the layman is the key that unlocks the door to a successful pastorate and through him the unchurched areas can be reached and served.

More emphasis must also be placed on the co-operative approach, the development of group ministries and larger parishes, where several churches working together will bring to bear all the resources of the church upon the community. We must continue to insist on the significance of the Christian community as a vital foundation of our society. Above all, we must learn how to minister to the exurbanites living in the rural fringe of our suburban areas and keep before our people the significant values found in both rural and urban living. In areas of decreasing population we must not retreat, for Methodism has a responsibility and a message for all peoples everywhere. It is important that we make available the best trained leadership of our church to meet the challenge of the new day in rural America.

The quenchless zeal of Francis Asbury put American Methodism on its way.

'Live or Die, I Must Ride!'

By HARTZELL SPENCE
Author of The Story of Religions in America

The statue, "Prophet of the Long Road," Washington, D.C.

WHEN we appraise American Methodism, not yet 200 years of age, one man stands taller than all the rest. He wrought for Protestantism what the Revolution accomplished politically: a denomination beholden to no foreign church or supported by any government, free to develop religiously the democratic dreams of freedom and social justice for all men. Today, over 10 million American Methodists follow his precedents, but it is doubtful if a tithe of them know his name: *Francis Asbury.*

He spread and nurtured the early seeds of Methodism throughout America. A tireless rider, he helped organize conferences and the previously spotty Sunday-school programs. And he presided over the conference at which the Methodist Publishing House—publishers of TOGETHER—was born.

He encouraged church women to emancipate themselves by charting their tireless energies into noble causes; he started the first organized campaigns against slavery and the liquor traffic. He trained and sent out the circuit riders who, most historians agree, became the most potent force in civilizing the frontier. And he organized a scattered band of 1,000 Methodists into a church which, at his death, numbered 210,000 members and 400 ordained clergymen.

All this Asbury accomplished without any of the usual attributes of great leadership. He was no glamour boy, no spellbinder, no organization man, and he was plagued all his adult life by illness so dire that for 15 years he expected every day to be his last. Call him zealot or saint; but name him great. Few men have accomplished so much with so little educational and physical endowment.

Physically, he was small—five feet nine, never weighing over 150 pounds. His intense bluish eyes, set in a weather-worn face, could fill with tears as his resonant voice softened with pathos. He scorned the then-newfangled Jeffersonian trousers, preferring light-blue clothes with knee breeches. Only once, while preaching, did he wear the "gown and band" of Wesley's churchmen back in England. When it was protested as not in keeping with Methodist simplicity, he discarded it. And as Methodism attuned to American democracy he became a stanch defender of the Protestant belief in the "priesthood of all believers."

Asbury never married, for to have done so, he wrote in his journal, would have distracted him from his mission.

His home was his saddle; he had no other. Historians say he rode horseback perhaps farther than any man in American history—averaging 6,000 miles a year or some 265,000 miles in 44 years! Visiting every Methodist preacher in America every year, he had a schedule so tight that he could sleep only six hours a night lest he be late to an appointment. Often he got no sleep at all, for he would detour 20 miles to pay a sick call on a remote settler.

Francis Asbury slept where night found him, in any cabin, and sometimes on the ground.

Often, he confided in his journal, he longed "for a clean plank to lie on, as preferable to the beds, for where the beds are in bad state, the floors are worse." One night he slept with 16 adults and several noisy children in seven beds in a 20 by 16-foot cabin filthy with vermin.

His food was no better than his lodging and, he wrote, "I suffer much from cold and hunger." In winter he forded streams and rode on for half a day, sheeted with ice, clad meagerly against the sub-zero cold. Small wonder that he developed boils, ulcers, fevers, rheumatism, asthma, eczema, often all of them at once. He preached propped on pillows when he could not stand, then was hoisted to his saddle or into a wagon or cart, and on he went. He never relaxed, never paused for fun or levity, once chided himself because he had smiled at a joke.

"LIVE OR DIE," he recorded in his journal, "I must ride."

He made over 100 trips to Virginia, 80 to Maryland, 78 to Pennsylvania, 63 to North Carolina, 60 to New Jersey, 50 to New York, 46 to South Carolina, 23 to Massachusetts, 10 to Tennessee and Georgia. He rose at 4 A.M. and after an hour of personal prayer preached his first sermon at 5 A.M. From then on he did not pause until 10 at night, with never a day off, never a vacation.

Nor did he rest in the saddle. Having no education, he taught himself Latin, Hebrew, and Greek, read the sermons of John Wesley, studied history, and wrote sermons. He also read the Bible through three times a year and was so familiar with it that he could name chapter and verse from any text he might need for impromptu remarks at any time.

This singularly one-tracked man was born August 20 or 21, 1745, near Birmingham, England, the son of a gardener. His mother is said to have had a vision that her unborn son would be a spiritual leader. From his birth she nourished him for his destiny, reading him the Bible by the hour, teaching him hundreds of hymns.

He did poorly in school, later admitting to a "horrible dread" of the schoolmaster's birch. At 13, he was apprenticed to a blacksmith, a proper prelude to a life in the saddle. Henry Foxall, who worked with him at the forge, later came to America, established an iron works, and built Foundry Methodist Church in Washington. At 14, Asbury had a religious awakening and at 17 he began lay-preaching for the Methodists, a movement started by John Wesley within the Church of England.

The colonies in America interested Wesley, who had served in Georgia as an Anglican clergyman [See *The Wesleys in Georgia,* September, page 34], and when he asked at Bristol for missionary volunteers, Asbury stepped forward. On October 27, 1771, he and co-missionary Richard Wright arrived at Philadelphia. Asbury was 26.

He was not the first Methodist in the field. Seven others were preaching in New York, Philadelphia, and inland. Within a month, Asbury was preaching in churches, homes, and jails and had started the circuit-rider system in Westchester County, N.Y. In his first year in America, he preached in 25 towns in the four states of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware.

Wesley had named Asbury the chief American missionary in 1772, but superseded him a year later when Thomas Rankin arrived as superintendent. For the first time, Methodists were required to look to their future. Asbury obviously was building a new church, while Rankin insisted that the Methodists must continue as they were in England, societies dedicated to greater piety within the Church of England.

Asbury correctly gauged the temper of the people. He sensed that there would never be a Methodist Church in America so long as it was tied to a movement administered from England. At the outbreak of the Revolution, most of Wesley's preachers fled back to England—but not Asbury. "Neither is it the part of a good shepherd," he wrote in his journal, "to leave his flock in time of danger."

Asbury rallied his lay clergy and proved his loyalty to the American cause. By war's end, there were 14,988 Methodists in the former colonies, with 83 preachers (not one of them ordained) on 43 circuits, and with 200 to 300 local, part-time preachers.

Now Dr. Thomas Coke appeared, ordained and sent by Wesley with the power to ordain clergy. Wesley believed the episcopacy is not an order, but an office, and that he had the right to ordain. He offered Asbury the general superintendency of American Methodism. Asbury refused. He told Coke he could accept such an assignment only from the American preachers: they would elect him and he would be responsible only to them. Moreover, though he had been preaching two decades, he was not an ordained minister!

THE year was 1784—and events slipped into high gear. To Baltimore for the Christmas season, preachers were summoned for a conference. Asbury was elected to deacon's orders on Saturday, Christmas Day, ordained an elder on Sunday, elected and consecrated as "superintendent" on Monday, to serve with Coke as "co-superintendents." And the Methodist Episcopal Church—with its superintendents to be known thereafter as bishops—was on its way.

Fortunately, Coke did not remain in permanent residence, though he returned for visits nine times. Thus Asbury was free to develop the new church in his own way. Being bishop, he could ordain his preachers. He proceeded to do so—and hang the formalities!

The 1789 conference, over which Asbury presided, sparked the Methodist Book Concern, now the Methodist Publishing House. In a short time, every itinerant preacher's saddlebag was bulging as Bibles, tracts, sermons, and cultural pamphlets of Methodism were scattered throughout the young nation. Asbury started one of the first American Sunday schools in 1786, at the home of Thomas Crenshaw, in Hanover County, Va., and helped spread the idea throughout Protestantism. The next year, Cokesbury, Methodism's first—but short-lived—college, planned by Asbury and John Dickins, was launched at Abingdon, Md.

Everything had to be done, almost literally, by Asbury himself. His co-workers were pitifully inadequate for any duty except preaching. Of the

preachers attending the famous Christmas Conference in Baltimore, none except John Dickins ever had the equivalent of a high-school education and, of course, no theological training. Of these amateurs, 66 had been in the ministry under five years; 23 were youngsters on probation.

Preachers who wanted to start homes—and do better than a $64 annual salary—were a vexation to Asbury. He opposed a married clergy, but with limited success. Between 1792 and 1800, he saw 221 preachers leave the circuits to marry. He was constantly training new men. Asbury was an old man before a real leadership developed within the church.

His genius in planting new churches has been compared to St. Paul's. As he traveled, he noted the destination of pioneers moving west and, knowing how Methodist personal religious experience would stir their hearts, he dispatched fire-eating evangelists. Their work done, they moved on, to be followed by less spectacular men whom Asbury sent out to consolidate the converts into Methodist societies.

His sense of timing was shown again in 1789, when George Washington became president. Asbury persuaded his conference to endorse the new government, then he and Coke hurried to the president with a written pledge of allegiance. Methodists thus were the first church to sustain publicly the new government—a bit of effective public relations.

Asbury believed in simplicity, and as churches were organized and chapels built he insisted that they have no steeples, bells, organs, or other frills. "Let all our chapels be built plain and decent," he wrote, "but no more expensive than is absolutely unavoidable: otherwise the necessity of raising money will make rich men necessary to us." This injunction was written into *The Discipline* of 1784, and was not dropped until 1872.

The church's persistent attack on the liquor evil began about this time, also, in sermons by Asbury. This crystallized in 1780 when the conference voted to expel any preachers who tippled, although Wesley was not averse to a pint of ale for his clergy after a sermon. In 1783 Methodists were forbidden to manufacture or sell spirits, and Methodism emerged as a primary foe of demon rum.

On slavery, Asbury was equally adamant and went out of his way to demonstrate that Negroes should be accepted as citizens, not subjected to slavery. Traveling in 1788 toward Charleston, S.C., he saw a Negro fishing by a river. Asbury stopped; they talked for an hour. The Negro became a lay preacher, organized a church of 230 worshipers, and was admitted to the South Carolina Conference—in a slave state.

For years, Asbury had a volunteer body servant whom he had befriended and who thereafter, seeing Asbury's chronic illnesses, remained with him. This man was Harry Hosier, born a slave in Fayetteville, N.C. When Asbury preached indoors, an overflow crowd often collected outside. To these, Harry Hosier would preach. Evidently he was an expert, for once in Wilmington, Del., the overflow was so spellbound that a passer-by commented admiringly, "I can see why that Asbury is a bishop." One of the listeners corrected him. "Man, that's not the bishop; that's his servant." At that the passer-by exclaimed, "Glory, if *that* is the servant, what must the master be!"

Asbury was ever alert for new conquests and would interrupt his precious schedule, if need be, to make a fruitful contact. In 1777 he heard in Baltimore that Annapolis was a sinful and worldly town. He went there and preached in the street to half a dozen idlers. In three months he had developed a permanent Methodist society—and his farewell sermon was heard by 400 persons.

In 1815, after 44 years of furious activity, Asbury wrote one night in his journal, "I must halt, or order my grave." But he did not know how to quit. He must attend one more Annual Conference, must ride his circuit just once more. Starting in the Carolinas, he set out northward preaching as he rode. At Spotsylvania, Va., he fell in fatigue from his horse and was taken to the home of a friend where he died while planning a sermon for the morrow. But by now, Methodism was secure. A new generation, trained in institutions Asbury had helped found, had already taken over.

Many epitaphs have been written for "the prophet of the long road," but only one has ever succinctly summed him up. It was written by his fellow preacher, Freeborn Garrettson, and says: "He prayed the best, and prayed the most, of any man I ever knew."

Soon You Can Read Bishop Asbury's Journal

FRANCIS ASBURY was making history as he preached in young America—and he knew it. Despite fatigue and difficulties, he meticulously kept a daily journal—with few breaks—from 1771 to 1815. And these jottings are, as historian William Dykeman wrote, "marvels of candor and complaint, ardor and anger—always interesting."

The *Journals* were published in 1821, the last reprint being in 1852. Recognizing their value to American history, the National Historical Publications Commission included Asbury among the 66 great Americans whose works were recommended for publication by the government. Asbury's *Journals* and letters, many heretofore unpublished, will soon appear in three volumes, published jointly by the Epworth Press of Great Britain and the Abingdon Press of the U.S. Publication of the *Journals* has been recommended by the National Historical Publications Commission of the U.S. government, and is sponsored by the World Methodist Council.

A capable coterie of historians, directed by Dr. Elmer T. Clark, executive secretary of the Association of Methodist Historical Societies, has been at work for eight years gathering materials and preparing supplementary notes. Maps will enable readers to trace Asbury's travels.

The three volumes ($21) will be available at the Methodist Publishing House nearest your home.

"We were in doubt whether to take the old or the new route..." From Asbury's Journal.

In the Smokies

Along the Asbury Trail

HEAPED HIGH by the hand of God where Tennessee and North Carolina meet are the rock-breasted Great Smoky Mountains. Each year now, some 3 million visitors journey through them, making them America's favorite national park. Few vacationers gliding over asphalt high-

Methodism's host church to the nation at Gatlinburg, Tennessee, in the Great Smokies.

ways know that along the eastern fringe an ancient trail weaves through the wild beauty of dense forests and mist-veiled peaks. The Cherokees called it Cataloochee. On modern maps it's the Asbury Trail, for back in 1810 Bishop Francis Asbury and three intrepid preachers trod it as they ministered to Methodist families strung along the frontier of a young nation surging westward.

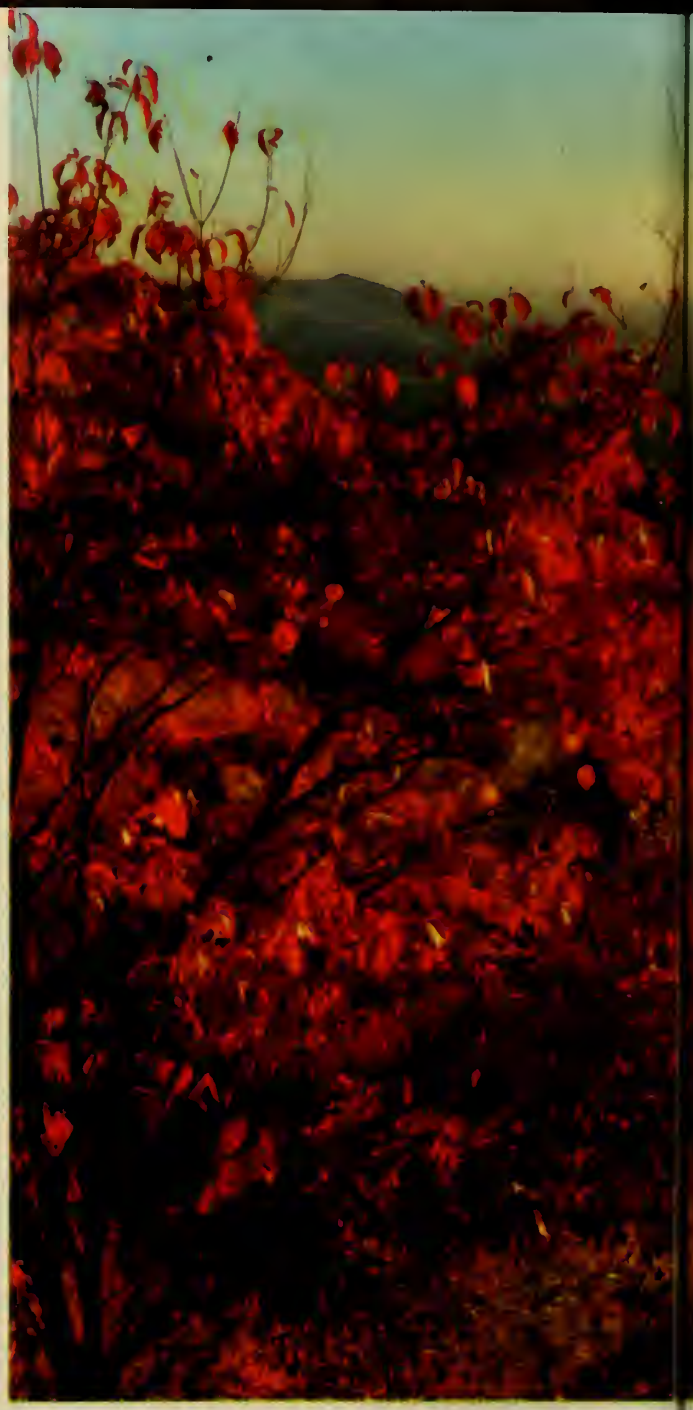
Today it's a challenge to Explorer Scouts. Those who traverse it win the Asbury Trail Award of the Western North Carolina Historical Association and the Boy Scouts of America. The route winds 23 rugged miles from Davenport Gap in Tennessee to Clyde on the North Carolina side—and it's definitely not for the tenderfoot!

Starting out along the Asbury Trail: Three North Carolina Scouts leave civilization behind and begin their climb into the high Smokies near the national park's boundary line.

Looking up that long, long trail: Wayne Stahl, a Scout from Lake Junaluska, N.C., takes a midmorning break near Cove Creek Gap (elevation 4,062 feet). It may well have been this spot to which Asbury referred when he wrote in his Journal: *"But O, the mountain—height after height, and five miles over." Asbury had reason to dread, as any hiker should, the frequent fogs of freezing vapor that sweep high ridges from early fall into late spring. In all seasons, the Smoky Mountains are subject to unusual and unpredictable weather changes. In summer it is not unusual to see three thunderstorms raging at once.*

Along the Asbury Trail . . .

***Cool waters** of the Cataloochee have soothed the tired feet of many a hiker on the Asbury Trail. But in November, 1810, the Prophet of the Long Road had little reason to rejoice: "Our troubles began," he wrote, "at the foaming, roaring stream, which hid the rocks." He crossed on a fallen log near this spot—on a log similar to the one David Ensley and Bill Stahl now are sitting upon.*



***Changeless and eternal:** These are the jumbled heights and misty glens that greeted Asbury as he crossed the Smokies from Tennessee into North Carolina. In autumn, few spots on earth can equal the riot of color that flares here—for this forest is truly primeval. Here nature lovers find some of the most abundant and varied vegetation on the continent.*

***Man's handiwork** appears t that of God as the hiker descend trail into North Carolina. This rail is like those built by early se who made Asbury welcome pioneer hospi*

Rhododendron: From mid-June until mid-July this showy plant spreads purple, rose, and white from one end of Asbury Trail to the other. It may be found above the 6,000-foot level and must have been seen often by the steadfast Methodist circuit rider who crossed the Appalachians scores of times by various routes.

Along the Asbury Trail

***Side trail** to Cherokee Village in North Carolina brings the hiker to this beautiful building of native stone. Methodists began mission work here a century ago.*

Living museum: Mrs. Betty George, full-blood Cherokee and member of the Methodist Center, shows a group of sixth graders from Sylva, N.C., how her ancestors beat meal in the primitive manner. Before the first white men arrived, the Cherokee knew nothing of the wheel or metal work. The museum—known as Oconaluftee Indian Village—is a full-size and authentic replica of an 18th-century Cherokee community. Its artifacts date back 5,000 years or more.

Quiet moment near the end of the Asbury Trail. The Scouts stop to worship in Memorial Chapel, Lake Junaluska, N.C., summer assembly of the Southeastern Jurisdiction of Methodist Church.

Beyond all dreams of Francis Asbury in 1810 is the World Methodist Building at Lake Junaluska. Dr. Elmer Clark shows the Scouts his collection of Wesleyana, one of the world's finest. In the background is a recent portrait of Bishop Asbury.

Symbol of the faith that carried Asbury on his ceaseless journeys is this great electric cross at Lake Junaluska. Bishop Asbury is credited with being the father of American Methodism.

End of the Asbury Trail

Late on the evening of the second day, the Asbury party put up for the night at the home of Jacob Shook, son of a Dutch immigrant and Revolutionary soldier. This home, believed to be the first frame house built in the county is still standing near Clyde, N.C., and is set off by a historical marker (left). Attic room used for preaching has been preserved with pulpit and chair. After remaining here overnight, Asbury rode on to Asheville, some 25 miles away.

Teens Together

with ex-teen-ager Dr. Richmond Barbour

Talking it over with "Dick" Richmond Barbour (left) helps.

Q *Would a psychologist say a girl really can be in love at 14? Or do the psychologists think they just have crushes?—E.C.*

A No psychologist would say that love is impossible at 14. However, crushes are much more likely. To distinguish, wait and see. Love lasts. Crushes don't.

Q *I had a special girl friend all through the grades. Now we're in high school and she has changed. She goes with older cats. She laughs at the things we girls used to believe. I tried to argue with her, but she got mad. She said all she asks of me is to be left alone. How can I make her listen?—J.B.*

A People change in their teens. Friendships are broken and that hurts. Many young people go through short periods of change, of wildness, then reform. You'd better just wait and see. If you try to force her you'll make matters worse.

Q *My father is a fine man, but sometimes he gets mad at me. He yells so loud the whole neighborhood hears him. I'm 15 and bigger than he is. Other men yell at their teen-agers, but when it's your own dad it's worse. He never used to yell. Why does he now?—J.A.*

A Most fathers who shout at their young people are sorry soon afterward. One theory is that they are reacting subconsciously to the challenge presented by their teen-agers. They've been the boss at home. Now their big sons and daughters challenge their position. Threatened, they react strongly. I hope you won't blame your dad too much, nor he you. Do all you can to avoid fights and try not to talk back. Don't do the things you know irritate him. Get your mother to act as peacemaker. Before long your father will begin to take pride in your maturity and independence. Then things will be better for both of you.

Q *I'm a girl of 14. I have fun joking and talking with a neighbor who is 25 and has a swell sense of humor. My mother is concerned about the time I spend at his house and asks me to stay away. What's wrong with being neighborly?—B.A.*

A There are things which could be wrong. My advice is, do as your mother requests.

Q *I'm 15. My father deserted my mother and me. He left a note saying he was tired of us both. I'm almost sick. I always took all my worries to him and I trusted him. Now I have a hard time thinking clearly. What should I do?—J.F.*

A One of the most difficult lessons life teaches us is that our parents are human and can make terrible mistakes. Girls and boys who learn that lesson in their teens are sure to be confused and to suffer. Is there anyone at church or school you admire and trust? Your Sunday-school teacher? A school counselor? Or could you go to your minister? Talk things over with a wise adult friend frequently. Don't ask for answers. Instead, ask for help as you seek your own answers. Gradually your peace of mind should return and you should be able to think clearly again.

Q *I'm a 15-year-old girl and love my boy friend. I'm at the top of the honors list for girls and he's at the top for boys. We both study the Bible and try to serve Christ. I dream of marrying this boy. Mother says this is only a teen-age crush; my father whistles as if calling our dog, then says, 'puppy-puppy-puppy love.' It hurts. Do you think my love is puppy love?—A.N.*

A Let's not say "puppy love." It implies all the wrong things. Your parents are wrong to tease you. As to whether your feeling is permanent, there is no way to tell. With some couples a teen-age relationship blossoms into a fine marriage; with others it dies out quickly. Time will tell.

Q *I'm 16 and date a boy of 19 who wants to marry me. He is a Catholic and I'm a Methodist. He says after we marry I must become a Catholic and raise our children as Catholics. I love my parents. They would never want me to agree to that. Can Catholics and Protestants be happy?—K.R.*

A They can, but they face many special problems. Look up *If My Daughter Should Want to Marry a Catholic,* by Bishop H. Clifford North-

Looks at movies

By Harry C. Spencer
General Secretary, Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission

Films are rated for audience suitability. Also, the symbols (+) and (—) provide "yes" or "no" answers to the question: Do the ethical standards in the film in general provide constructive entertainment?

No Time for Sergeants: Family (+)

Andy Griffith is a Georgia hillbilly drafted into the Air Force. Single-handedly—by his innate good humor and naïve helpfulness—he turns the carefully fitted routine of military regulations into a farce. Myron McCormick is the sergeant whose fate is worse than death—he has to supervise the training of this A-bomb of good will. The results are hilarious.

Cry Terror: Adult (—)

A half million dollars—that's what Rod Steiger demands. Unless he gets it, in small bills, he will blow up a passenger plane in the air, with a time bomb. He also will kill his hostages—Inger Stevens, James Mason, and their five-year-old daughter. A grim race against time adds pace and suspense to this strong film, which has a full quota of menacing psychopaths, dope addicts, and gangsters.

The Light in the Forest: Family (+)

A first-rate film for the family audience. This is a story of pre-Revolutionary days when a white boy, James MacArthur, is captured by the Delaware Indians and reared as the chief's son. With this training, MacArthur thinks as an Indian and does not want to return to the white man's settlement. Fess Parker, as an understanding friend, is co-starred along with Wendell Corey and Joanne Dru. The film is exciting, but does not contain the usual violence. MacArthur eventually becomes a spokesman for British tolerance of Indians, since he knows and appreciates their culture.

The Vikings: Adult (—)

The romantic adventures of eighth- and ninth-century Northmen, as brought to the screen in this realistic film, are seen to be vicious raids of murder and pillage involving sadistic torture of enemies, wild orgies of drunkenness, and fanatical worship of Odin, their god of war. This is a lavish, authentic, but thoroughly brutal production. Ernest Borgnine is the Viking regent, Kirk Douglas his son and heir, Tony Curtis an illegitimate son, and Janet Leigh a princess from Wales. The fog, the fear, the superstitious customs of those early days—all are here in minute and gruesome detail.

Hot Spell: Adult (+)

Events in this film from the stage play, *Next of Kin,* happen rapidly, in a few short hours during a summer hot spell. Shirley Booth knows—but refuses to admit—that her husband, Anthony Quinn, is unfaithful. Their teen-aged children, headed by Shirley Maclaine, see through her self-deception and warn her against constantly living in the past, when the family was close. After Quinn has left her and been killed in an auto accident with the girl he is taking to Florida, his wife learns too late that everyone is on a one-way street on which there is no turning back.

Maracaibo: Adults (—)

This is a sprawling, colorful film about the oil wells of Maracaibo, Venezuela, and a man (Cornel Wilde) who can extinguish explosive oil-well fires. Cornel is equally successful in putting out the fires of passion for his former girl friend, Abbe Lane, when a new one, Jean Wallace, strolls into his life. Maracaibo also is the name of a potent alcoholic drink, which flows almost as freely as the oil.

The Law and Jake Wade: Adults (—)

In this spectacular Western, Richard Widmark and Robert Taylor hate each other but share a mutual obligation that must be satisfied before the final gun battle. The action is dynamic, scenery and camera work superb, the plot full of unexpected developments, the dialogue crisp, and the characterizations excellent. But all these assets do not justify the "good guy"—the marshal—in springing a murderer out of jail and letting him victimize the countryside again.

cott in TOGETHER [November, 1956, page 27]. I think it is best for Catholic girls and boys to go together, and Protestants to go together. Then they don't risk falling in love and creating potentially difficult marriages. Other things being equal, it's best for people both to date and marry within their own religious groups.

Q *I'm a girl of 13 with a baby sister, eight. My folks make me go to bed at 8:30. Yet they let my baby sister stay up until 8:30, too. They tell me I've always needed more sleep than most kids my age. They say my sister has needed less. Is that fair?—M.V.*

A There are great differences in the amount of sleep people need. Some grownups need nine or 10 hours, others get along fine with six or seven. Teen-agers should figure out with their folks the amount they need. Chances are your parents are right.

Q *My brother, 19, was killed in an accident recently. I'm 15. We used to quarrel. I never truly appreciated him. Now I judge everything on the basis of what he would say. My friends think I'm wrong. They believe I should judge for myself. Are they right?—G.D.*

A Time will help. You'll soon find yourself judging things independently. It is natural that you should feel this way now. But in the long run your friends are right.

Q *My twin sister and I are 14. Our parents treat me exactly the same way they treat her. Shouldn't boys have more freedom than girls?—B.M.*

A Many people think so, but I don't. The double standard can lead to trouble. Responsible young people should have more liberty than irresponsible ones. Freedom should not depend upon sex, but upon strength of character.

•

WHAT TO DO? *If you have a question, Dr. Barbour, head of the San Diego public-school counseling system, may have the answer. Write him c/o* TOGETHER, *740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. Names and addresses of querying teens are held in confidence.*

"I decided right then to make an act of my stutter. . . . They laughed, slapped my back, and I was one of them."

How I Cured My Stuttering

By Jim Scott

I KIDDED myself out of stuttering. Instead of hiding it under a cloak of silence, I luckily learned to project my stutter at every opportunity. I laughed at it as if it were a prized possession denied others. When my tension disappeared, with it went the stutter!

Its departure was so gradual I never realized that I'd stumbled upon the proper treatment of stuttering and stammering until recently when I read a newspaper story. It said Joseph Sheehan, assistant professor of psychology at the University of California in Los Angeles, advises stutterers to practice stuttering. It's to gain vocal control as a first step toward removing the defect.

It all brought back sharp memories, for I had started stuttering shortly after learning to talk. Not even a crippled youngster, I'm sure, suffers so acutely during his school days as does the stutterer. Forever conscious of his disability, he feels condemned to silence or embarrassment—and finds few moments of real happiness.

Through my first five years of school I rarely raised my hand—except to leave the room.

Often I knew the answer to the teacher's question when the rest of the class was stumped, but seldom did I speak up. When I did, I'd stutter if the answer took more than three words. Then came the inevitable and I'd promptly sit down.

My fourth-grade teacher, a well-meaning, middle-aged woman, hurt me most. Seared on my memory is her reprimand at the time a boy guffawed at one of my nightmarish recitations. Repeating a line that the class had read a few days before, she said:

"Laugh not at old age, my child, nor at deformed persons."

This tactless advice set me further apart from my classmates, and my stutter worsened.

About that time my father promised me a new bicycle if I would stop stuttering—as if it were something I could control!

But I really tried. I made a list of the words that tripped me and learned synonyms for them. It in-

creased my vocabulary, that was all.

I also developed a crutch—a hesitation as my tongue started to falter and I'd say: "Uh, uh, uh . . ." as a diving board on which to spring off. Sometimes I would run off a dozen "uhs." It annoyed my listener more than would the stutter, but I was trapped and helpless by my own devices.

Yet at home, alone in my room, I could speak or read for hours without a stutter. So I became a loner—practicing basketball on the school playground when no other kids were around.

Looking to the future, I decided I would become a newspaperman. I was naïve, of course, but I reasoned that if I could write well, I wouldn't have to talk.

Then one Saturday afternoon I dropped into the movie theater in our small Midwest town. My classmates went up front, so I took a seat in the back row. The movie was enjoyable till Roscoe Ates, the stuttering comedian, went into his act. I cringed as a kid up front shouted: "Hey, there's Jim Scott!"

But as I slunk deeper into my seat and the picture developed, I noticed something. People were laughing not at Ates, but with him!

Ates had capitalized on his stutter just as Buster Keaton had his frozen face, Martha Raye her large mouth, and Jimmy Durante his outsized nose.

"Accentuate the positive," Durante later was to put it.

I DECIDED right then to make an act of my stutter.

Joining some of the boys after the movie, I told them: "I'm going to Hollywood, fellows. S-S-S-Shucks, I can stutter better than R-R-R-Roscoe." They laughed, slapped my back, and I was one of them.

Soon I began to realize that whenever I spoke of my stutter in jest, I didn't stutter. To keep in my new character, however, I would deliberately turn it on.

So throughout high-school days, I made no effort to conceal my stutter, which was now subsiding. If a word trapped me, I'd stop short and probably wisecrack, "Zip my lip—here it comes." My classmates chortled with me, and steadily the stutter retreated farther and farther into my limbo.

Later while on a college basketball squad I was reunited with a friend of elementary-school days who had moved to another town. Something was troubling him as we talked after our first workout.

"What's the matter, Rabbit?" I asked. "Something wrong?"

"Oh, I was just wondering," Rabbit stammered. "What happened to your stutter?"

I just grinned and kept my secret. Stutter or not, I held to my resolve to become a newspaperman and an author. Since that time I have written profusely for newspapers, magazines, and television. But it never occurred to me that the tale of my stutter was worth telling until I learned how UCLA's Professor Sheehan was telling victims to stutter away on purpose—my old method.

"Stuttering is the result of fear and conflict," he later told me. "Once the defect is dragged out into the open, most of the fear is allayed."

His techniques stem from a theory on habits, developed by the late Dr. Knight Dunlap, professor of psychology at UCLA. It was Dunlap's idea that habits are hard to break because they are involuntary. He reasoned that, by practicing them until they become voluntary, they could be brought under control.

Sheehan had been even a worse stutterer than I. He had studied chemistry at Michigan because in the laboratory he wouldn't have to talk.

Once in Chicago he tried to buy a railroad ticket to his home in Battle Creek, but couldn't say Battle Creek. It was tougher because behind him was a long, impatient queue. He thought of the next stop: Jackson. That was rough, too. So he bought a ticket to Ann Arbor, still farther along the line, and got off at Battle Creek.

Eventually, he was referred to Charles Van Riper, a speech professor. His success under Van Riper was only partial. But later when he eliminated nearly every trace of his disability, Sheehan gave up chemistry and dedicated his life to helping others find normal speech.

America now has about a million and a half stutterers, and many of them are being victimized by quacks. Most of their methods are useless carry-overs from the 19th century but, fortunately, the tongue no longer is mutilated.

Dr. Sheehan is stamping out stuttering by having his students face up to the disability.

"Okay," he will tell his students, "so you stutter. Since you do, admit it, face it, accept it, and go ahead and say things even if you do stumble. When you conquer your fear of stuttering, you'll stop stuttering."

One student told the class how he had been unable to order meals in a restaurant satisfactorily until he had conquered his fear. Another student explained how, without the benefit of his wife, he was stopping the holes in his socks. Formerly he had to order the wrong size, 10 or 12—because he couldn't say "11." But no more!

These successful experiences Dr. Sheehan calls "trophies." Students are still grinning over them as he moves into another stage of his therapy. It's stuttering on purpose in order to lose their fear of it. And soon they find they can control the disability.

WHEN does stuttering start? Usually at the age of three or four, authorities say. Often children groping for words have a tendency to hesitate, repeating a syllable such as "da-da-da." Or when they're excited, their words may tangle or topple over each other.

Trouble starts when tots are made self-conscious about their speech deficiencies. Wise parents don't interrupt their babble with correction or, what is worse, derision.

If your child stutters a bit, ignore it. Then be sure your own speech pattern is a good one. Children are born imitators. That's the chief way they learn. Accept your little stutterer, and never let him be unsure of your love, for that's what the approval-craving little rascal wants above all else. Chances are he will, in time, outgrow his trouble.

Four out of five children with speech defects are normal organically. But if the trouble continues well into school age, consult a speech expert. Too long a delay can cause personality defects.

That was my trouble. If you have a stutter, don't repress it. Drag it out into the open. Once you face your fear, your stutter will go. I know.

He was aloof and self-sufficient—until the day the life of a small boy hung in balance.

Arctic Adventure

By RUSSELL ANNABEL

Lifting him, he struck out for the Eskimo village.

ONE gray afternoon late in the winter of 1927 my friend, Brant, a pioneer Alaska bush pilot, landed his plane at Anchorage and headed for a hotel. He had come in from the Arctic Circle with a load of mail, gold dust, and furs. The six-hour flight had been a rough one because of a gusty head wind; the plane's heater had quit and the cockpit temperature had been 20 below zero. Moreover, Brant had spent most of the previous night working on his engine by lantern light, hence he was dog tired and chilled to the marrow. What he felt like doing, as he told me later, was locking himself in his room and sleeping for a week.

But the desk clerk had a message for him. "A clergyman has been looking for you. He wants to see you as soon as you check in."

"Don't tell him I'm here," Brant growled. "I've got to get some sleep."

At this time, Brant was a strange, lonely, black-browed chap, handsome in a roughhewn way, who apparently believed in nothing but himself. He had no intimate friends and sought none. I had known him since he first came north and had often heard him say that friendship was a form of sentiment, and that sentiment indicated weakness of character. He was arrogant and few liked him, but none denied that he was a master airman.

In his hotel room he had pulled off his flying clothes and was sitting on the bed, grateful for the warmth and quiet of the room, when a knock sounded on the door. "Come in," he said, scowling. A man in clerical garb entered. He was a shrewd little spruce knot of a churchman, respected by the sourdoughs as one who, when he wanted something, invariably got it in one way or another. He greeted Brant and held out a radiogram.

"I've received news of a bad bit of trouble," he said, "and have been waiting to ask your help."

The radiogram was signed by the white schoolteacher at an Eskimo fishing and hunting village on the Kuskokwim River west of the Alaska

Range. It stated that a native child had been attacked by a pack of Malemute dogs; immediate medical care was imperative to save the child's life. The teacher urgently requested that an airplane be sent to the village to fly the child to the government hospital at Anchorage. Brant read the message, shrugged, and handed it back.

"I won't go," he announced.

THERE was a storm over the Alaska Range, the flier explained, and it was so late in the day now that even if a man got through to the village he would have to land in the dark on the river ice, which might be ridged by drifts. Furthermore, he was in no condition to attempt a long flight in storm and darkness. It was too bad about the Eskimo child, but why didn't they ask some other pilot to make the mercy flight?

The determined little man of God pointed out that there was no other pilot then in town who stood a chance of completing such a flight, and that if Brant refused he was condemning the child to death. He pictured the child's parents waiting and hoping; he asked Brant to imagine their anxiety and, if he failed them, their despair. He talked until at last Brant angrily rose and said, "Save it for Sunday. I'll go."

Rainy Pass, the narrow, twisting aerial route through the sky-towering peaks of the Alaska Range, was no bargain in daylight and clear weather, and the conditions under which Brant flew it were murderous. With blizzard snow plastering his windshield, wind squalls tossing the plane, and the summits and canyon walls rushing at him out of nothingness, he avoided disaster time after time only by superb skill. He found the South Fork of the Kuskokwim and set a compass course across the misty lowlands. It was cold in the plane, but he felt the nervous sweat of tension as the minute hand of his watch crept around and no recognizable landmark emerged from the gloom.

Then, on the black rim of the night, points of light appeared in twin rows. A surge of relief rose in him. The Eskimos had set out torches soaked in fish oil to mark a safe landing place. He circled the village, then eased the plane down. Fur-clad men, surrounding him as he stepped out on the frozen river, formed a noisy escort as he climbed the bank to the huddle of huts, the line of fish racks, and the horde of yammering dogs. He told the Eskimos he was stopping overnight and asked for a place to sleep, but they took him instead to the hut of the couple whose child was injured.

"In an emergency like this," the teacher protested, "we thought you'd surely go back tonight."

Brant turned on him savagely. "Who asked you what you thought?" he barked. But after he had seen what the dogs had done to the child, and had listened to the pleading of the mother—a young, mission-reared Eskimo known as Ann Second Chief—he made a wry grimace of resignation. "Okay," he said, "I'll start back as soon as I've had some food."

The flight back was a nightmare—violent and interminable. Dawn was streaking the east when he slanted down to the golf course which then served Anchorage as an airfield. He was guided in by the headlights of automobiles which residents had thoughtfully ranged about the strip. Word of his mercy flight had spread and a crowd had gathered quickly when his engine was heard overhead. People congratulated him as he carried the injured Eskimo child to the ambulance, but Brant shouldered through them, dour and silent. He was on the road, heading for the hotel, stumbling with weariness, when Ann Second Chief caught his hand.

"Mister Brant," she said, "we thank you."

"All right," Brant said.

"Tell me, how much do we owe you?"

"Forget it." He turned away. "You can't pay for a flight like that."

Ann Second Chief stared after him, hurt by his brusqueness, but then suddenly she smiled.

"You are a kind, wise man. You have taught me a lesson I will always remember."

TIME passed, and I think Brant all but forgot the incident. In the meantime, he had become engaged to a charming widow with a seven-year-old son, Jim, to whom Brant was a hero. The pilot cherished the boy as only a lonely man can cherish a child. He took him on flights and the two became a familiar sight in the camps and settlements—the tall, black-browed airman and the youngster in helmet, leather jacket, and flying boots. They walked always hand in hand together, happy in each other's company.

Otherwise, Brant remained unchanged; he was still unfriendly and remote. The few of us who had his interests at heart hoped that something would cause him to thaw out. I believe Brant's coldness and arrogance were only the defensive measures of a shy, sensitive man who kept a protective wall between himself and the world. But there was no denying that the effect was growing more unfortunate every day.

Talking with Brant one evening the preacher who had sent him on his mercy mission said, "Brant you've got to realize that aviation is a public service. To be successful in it, you must have public good will. Your system is just the reverse and it will ruin you."

"You stick to your soul-saving," Brant said icily, "and I'll fly my airplane."

A MONTH or two after this, as the grip of another winter was clamping down in the north, Brant's luck ran out. It happened on a day when the thermometers were registering 4 below zero and the snow mirages were doing demon dances with the stark peaks of the Alaska Range. Brant, with Jim beside him in the cockpit, was returning from Nelson Island in the Bering Sea with a load of fox pelts, carved walrus ivory, and beach-grass baskets.

He refueled at Bethel and was homing on the grim portal of Rainy Pass when heavy ice began to form on his wings. It built up so fast that Brant was unable to maintain the plane's altitude.

"We're going down, Son," he said to the boy. "Cover your face with your arms. Try not to be frightened."

Jim grinned. "If you say don't be scared, I won't be," he said.

When they struck, a slab of ice ripped off the landing gear. The plane skidded on its belly across a line of drifts and slued with a jolting crash into the riverbank. Brant

saw with relief that the propeller and wings were undamaged. As he turned to Jim, he saw that the boy was unconscious and blood was streaming down his face.

Brant couldn't call for help because he had no radio. The nearest radio was 15 miles distant—in the Eskimo village from which Brant had taken off with an injured child so long ago. Now, wrapping Jim in a parka and a wolfskin robe, he took him in his arms and struck out for the village. It was dark when he smelled smoke, heard the howling of dogs, and knew that he had reached the place. At his shout, the native men came out with torches to meet him. For an instant he had the eerie feeling that time had slipped and it was again the night when he had landed here to pick up Ann Second Chief and her child. He told the Eskimos what had happened, then said, "I want a clean, warm place for this boy. And I want to use your radio."

"Our radio isn't working," an Eskimo said apologetically. "A tube burned out."

To Brant, this was like a death sentence. He carried the unconscious boy to the chief's hut and sat beside him throughout the night. Believing Jim was dying, he was in a torment of self-condemnation, blaming himself for what had happened. He told me afterward that never until then had he realized how alone he was in the world. The thought of the great loss he would suffer if the boy died shook him to the core. He began to feel that Jim was being sacrificed to shock him into full knowledge of his failure as a member of society.

Eskimos came and went, and there was the sound of much activity, but Brant was oblivious to everything save Jim's labored breathing. At dawn, when Ann Second Chief brought him food, he waved it away. The Eskimo woman gazed at him pityingly, then opened the door of the hut and said, "You come look."

Brant went to the door and looked out. What he saw he could scarcely believe.

On the river ice stood his plane. Ann Second Chief told him that the Eskimos, during the night, working in the cold and darkness, had taken 20 dog teams, lashed the plane to sleds, and hauled it to the village. Here they had managed somehow to repair the wrecked landing gear so the plane could take off.

At Anchorage a few hours later doctors told him that, thanks to prompt hospitalization, Jim would live.

As soon as possible, Brant flew back to the Eskimo village. He was a changed, thoughtful man. He humbly told the Eskimos how grateful he was for their aid at a time when he needed it most. Then he asked how much he owed them.

Ann Second Chief, replying with simple dignity for the village, shattered forever what remained of my friend Brant's creed of self-sufficiency and his disbelief in the brotherhood of man. Her statement completed the pattern of events that thawed the coldness from Brant's nature and made him a warm, likable man.

"You owe us nothing," she said, smiling. "Remember you taught us yourself that human goodness cannot be bought with money."

Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency

The Wildcat in Your Home

By ROY L. SMITH

TWO YOUNG WOMEN of Palo Alto, Calif., made a pet of a wildcat kitten. For six months it displayed none of its wild nature. Then one evening one girl was alone with the half-grown wildcat. Suddenly it began stalking her, snarling and baring its fangs. Every time the terrified girl started toward the phone to call for help, the wildcat lunged. For 90 minutes the struggle went on. Finally the phone was knocked to the floor; the operator heard screams and notified police.

The arrival of the officers ended the girl's ordeal. But there is a lesson in her experience for anyone capable of serious thinking.

Again, a young couple, active in church affairs, decided to broaden their circle of friends. They accepted an invitation to spend an evening with a crowd that "drank a little." In the course of time it became necessary to entertain their new friends in their home, and a few cocktails seemed necessary.

No one became drunk, no one was rowdy. But the wildcat kitten had entered into the home.

The young wife, having been introduced to the effect of alcohol, found herself in a low mood one day when left alone and to brace herself decided to take one little drink in private. The wildcat kitten was beginning to grow up.

From that point on the story runs true to pattern. The kitten grew up until it began to stalk her. One evening her husband came home and found her in a drunken sleep. With sickening speed she became a helpless victim of the habit. Finally, the home was at the point of breaking up and friends began whispering to each other, "She's an alcoholic, you know."

It is unfortunately true that our wildcats come in a wide variety of species. In all cases they are untamed, savage, vicious, and destructive. But when they are young they appear cute.

In one case it was as "innocent" a matter as winning a small prize in a bingo game that started a youth on his way to a gambler's doom. In another, it was a more or less "innocent affair" that wrecked a home and a marriage. In still another it was a matter of sleeping pills which led to drug addiction and tragedy.

Remember, wildcat kittens grow up—and when they are grown, they are killers.

Light Unto My Path

WEEKLY MEDITATIONS BY PASTORS ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

Hiram C. Weld
Indianapolis, Ind.

Walter R. Willis
Texarkana, Tex.

Clarence Seidenspinner
Racine, Wis.

W. Nevell Razak
Ellingwood, Kan.

J. Turnbull Spicknall
Hagerstown, Md.

AUGUST 17

Let brotherly love continue. Do not neglect to show hospitality to strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.—Hebrews 13:1-2

HAVE YOU ever entertained an angel unawares? I have. Many times. There was the occasion, for example, when I was returning home from Europe and noticed on board ship a modest Chinese person who sat by himself day after day. Hoping to cheer him up, I started a conversation. He turned out to be Dr. P. C. Hshu, the brilliant Christian teacher and author who, among other things, had translated into Chinese some of the textbooks I had used in seminary. You can imagine how his wealth of spirit permanently enriched my life!

A similar experience occurred last winter when I traveled to Washington, D.C., in what turned out to be the worst blizzard of the century. Utter confusion prevailed. People turned into bewildered, milling sheep in railroad stations, airports, hotels, bus depots. About that time I discovered that the Negro gentleman in the roomette across from me was also going to Washington, but didn't know we were to change trains. Seeking to help him, I explained the schedule, which the blizzard soon changed. We had several difficult stopovers. But we helped each other through snowdrifts, cared for each other's luggage, and took turns getting coffee, a sandwich, or what scanty information there was. When we finally parted to the warmth of our separate hotels in Washington, he thanked me for my help—but I knew that without his help I still would have been back in the confusion of one of our stops.

Do we not all entertain "angels unawares" in such unexpected places in our moving, changing world? In our home or office, on the subway or in a plane? Jesus illustrated this in his parable of the Good Samaritan.

Prayer: Eternal God, thou who continually reveals thy love in the lives of others, grant us sensitivity to thy Spirit dwelling in them and responsiveness to thy will in our own hearts, that we may more worthily love thee, and be more effective channels of thy love in the affairs of our time, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

—HIRAM C. WELD

AUGUST 24

And they sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, "Great and wonderful are thy deeds, O Lord God the Almighty! Just and true are thy ways, O King of the ages. Who shall not fear and glorify thy name, O Lord? For thou alone art holy. All nations shall come and worship thee, for thy judgments have been revealed."—Revelation 15:3-

IN MY HOBBY of collecting crosses, I have found many interesting shaped ones, yet even more amazing are the beautiful legends and stories. In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia are found the "fairy" stones, shaped as crosses. According to legend these mountains were the home of fairies who danced in joy and sang the glories of God from the mountaintops until the day a new fairy from a distant land came with the news that Christ had been crucified. The fairies wept and as the tears fell upon the earth they were crystallized into pebbles in the form of a cross. The legend is old, but the crosses can still be found.

The cross is no longer a sign of defeat, but victory, thanks be unto God, our eternal Father of love. Our songs of today come from our hearts, out of yesterday's battles. Tomorrow we sing eternally.

Ours is the day to look up, beyond the satellites to the light of Heaven. God is the ruler yet, and Christians are purifying their souls, maturing in their understanding and extending the King

dom, as they endure the taunts at school, jeers at socials, criticisms of the world; while being misunderstood in business and overcoming discouraging obstacles, and while busy being the ambassadors of God's love and patience.

Many disconcerting reports bring us tears today but the triumph of tomorrow belongs to those who believe in him who is Eternal, and work in his Kingdom, knowing that "all nations shall come and worship before thee; for thy judgments are made manifest."

Prayer: O Lord, our Lord, grant us forgiveness, patience, faith, and love to face this day. Help us to live and work in thy kingdom now, that we may rejoice in thy presence tomorrow. Amen.

—WALTER R. WILLIS

AUGUST 31

So each of us shall give account of himself to God. Then let us no more pass judgment on one another, but rather decide never to put a stumbling block or hindrance in the way of a brother.—Romans 14:12-13.

THERE ARE two attitudes which you can take toward another person. You can either judge him harshly and disparage him or you can give him your support. There are two attitudes which management and labor can take toward one another. They can cheat one another by all the known and legally permissible methods or they can help one another.

In the Midwest, one community is suffering from one of the longest strikes on record. The town where the plant is located and neighboring cities where part of the labor force lives have been terrorized by outside visitors. Cans of paint have been hurled through the windows of workers who refused to strike. Others have been beaten. A mob prevented the unloading of raw materials meant to keep the plant in operation. In turn, management took a paternalistic rather than a cooperative attitude toward its workers. The union claimed an arsenal was kept at the plant in case of trouble. Harsh words have been spoken on both sides. A deep wedge of feeling has split the community.

How much better it is when labor and management begin to understand one another by taking an active interest in their mutual problems. When gains and losses are shared, when management provides for the needs of labor and labor gives an honest day's work for a fair wage, the whole community prospers. After all, we are in the business of making a living together.

Prayer: O God, who hast granted us the miracle of life, enable us to honor and reverence it by our good will and generous help toward all people; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—CLARENCE SEIDENSPINNER

SEPTEMBER 7

Whatever you do, put your whole heart and soul into it, as into work done for God, and not merely for men.—Colossians 3:23 (Phillips)

HE WAS ONLY a boiler attendant on one of the river boats which used to ply the Mississippi, but he went about his work with a vigor and enthusiasm which often put his younger co-laborers to shame. The boiler room in which he spent his days was spotless and the brass in his section of the ship shone from the loving care he lavished on it. One day a passenger noticed the condition of the boiler room and asked the attendant why he spent so much time on a section of the ship which so few people saw. With a gleam in his eyes, the old man replied, "Because I'se got a glory, suh, I'se got a glory."

How often we miss the "glory" of our daily round of work and play because we fail to realize that nothing is mean or meaningless in God's sight. Our most common doings and relationships, whether in family or factory, are opportunities to express our devotion to God. The most menial task or tiresome chore can be transformed into an act of worship when we remind ourselves that what we do for others we do for children of God, whether they realize that they are his children or not.

"Whatever" is a big word, but we worship a big God; a God who is big enough, as a matter of fact, to enhance our humblest activity and give dignity to our quietest relationships. Our response to this greatness is to live our lives with enthusiasm; the true enthusiasm which comes from the sure knowledge that our lives are undergirded by and bear witness to the love and purpose of God, from whom comes our real reward.

Prayer: Grant us, O God, the vision which will enable us to see thy face in the faces of those with whom and for whom we work in thy world. Amen.

—W. NEVELL RAZAK

SEPTEMBER 14

"He who is faithful in a very little is faithful also in much; and he who is dishonest in a very little is dishonest also in much."—Luke 16:10

IN A SMALL country store in Illinois, a tall, rawboned young man was clerking. One day a woman made a purchase and was given the wrong change. After the store closed late that evening, the lad walked miles to see that the woman was given her correct change. While to many this may have seemed a small thing, to him it mattered much. The lad grew to a rich manhood and became our most beloved president —Abraham Lincoln.

This quality of honesty which marked Lincoln's youth was one of the characteristics which is remembered most and which was responsible for the great contribution he made to life. It was his utter honesty in dealing with himself and his ideals that kept ever before him the picture of the young woman he saw sold into slavery and the promise he made to himself that if ever he had the chance to strike slavery he would hit it hard. He did!

Today, we Americans think in terms of "the biggest," "the best," and frequently we combine the adjectives to "the biggest and the best" as if largeness meant more goodness. Jesus, on the contrary, spoke repeatedly of the cruciality of the little things: the cup of cold water, the jot of the law, the one talent. Our life is composed of the small things we do each day. If we are faithful and honest in the little things, the big things will take care of themselves.

Prayer: Our Father, give to us the spirit of Jesus, that in all things we may seek constantly to do what we believe he would have us do. May we bring to bear his spirit upon the little things of life as well as the big things. In his name we pray. Amen.

—J. TURNBULL SPICKNALL

Barnabas takes

Looks at New Books

SOMETIMES it's a pleasure to read a controversial book. Sort of sets the brain cells churning. This, I think, is especially true if, by happenstance, you have just read another book setting forth a different viewpoint.

That's what happened this month. I've just finished *In Clear and Present Danger* (University of Chicago Press, $4). The author, **John W. Caughey,** was fired from his teaching post at UCLA for refusing to sign a test loyalty oath, but subsequently was reinstated as the result of a court decision.

What makes his book especially interesting is the fact that I recently read, with great enjoyment, **J. Edgar Hoover's** *Masters of Deceit* [May, page 52]. Caughey is in disagreement with almost every point the FBI chief made. Caughey appears convinced that the Communist threat to this country is small and that the American people—in near-hysteria because of this overemphasized threat—are giving up their civil liberties, one by one. His concern is that by the time we wake up to what we are doing it will be too late. Hard-won liberties will have disappeared.

He hits hard at McCarthyism in all its phases, discusses at length the intricate question of the Fifth Amendment, concludes with these words: "We as a people have it readily in our power to take the United States back to first principles. A summoning of popular determination is all that is needed."

Caughey could have made a stronger case for himself if he had written a few harsher words about some of the Communists who have plotted to weaken this nation from within. His condemnation of them does not seem nearly so severe as the hot words he has for those he feels are nibbling away steadily at our civil rights in the name of anti-communism.

Anyway, it's a book well worth your study.

The other day I heard a young mother describe what is probably not an uncommon experience: "My husband and I have neglected home worship, but now with the children growing up we'd like to start. Frankly, though, we don't know how."

I immediately thought of *A Prayer for Every Day* (Revell, $1.95), a new volume of 365 original prayers by **John Lewis Sandlin,** an editor for the Methodist General Board of Evangelism. The prayers are short, family-centered. At the back is a section of table graces, evening prayers for children, prayers for women, and prayers for men.

There are many devotional books useful for family worship. This is one of the newest and most practical.

Have you ever tramped the boardwalk in Atlantic City, or ridden the breakers on the beaches near Asbury Park? If you have, as I have, you'll find **John T. Cunningham**'s *The New Jersey Shore* (Rutgers University Press, $5) irresistible reading.

And even if you've never seen Sandy Hook, with the majestic New York skyline in the distance, there's something in this book for you. Mr. Cunningham explores life in the towns along the sea; no aspect of it escapes his observation.

Publicly—and behind the scenes—there's a whale of a drama being enacted in connection with our infant space age. Too, there's considerable confusion. Ever since Russia put the world's first space satellite into orbit I've been as befuddled as the next person as to what's really going on. I'd found sorting things out pretty tough, until a 1942 Naval Academy graduate and mystery writer, **Cmdr. David C. Holmes,** started talking sense in *What's Going on in Space?* (Funk & Wagnalls, $3.95).

I'm not much of a judge of things scientific, but at least Commander Holmes comes to grips with some key questions: How did we get where we are? Where are we going? What does all this mean to world peace? What new conquests does the future hold? Have the Russians achieved an unbeatable scientific advantage?

Vanguard rocket headed out for space.

To answer these questions he uses frank, nonscientific language. He cuts through red tape, conflicting scientific statements, and headlines to give us a glimpse of how the U.S. and other nations are breaking man loose from his earth shackles. It's well worth reading.

A college professor of mine always stressed the importance of seeing "the big picture" in studying any subject, but I sometimes had trouble following his advice in American history and political-science courses. Too often, it seemed, authorities tended to obscure broad trends with wordage and detail.

What brings this to mind is a new book by **Donald R. Richberg** and **Albert Britt,** *Only the Brave Are Free* (Caxton, $6). It's a good compromise between deep, scholarly probings and a brief, easily grasped outline of American political history. Interestingly, the authors, close friends for years, do not always share common interpretations of our history, nor do they agree about the merit of a so-called "welfare state." But with each expressing his view individually, the two provide a reasoned and balanced review of the growth of self-government in America.

This "adventure in popular education," as the two men describe their work, is based on an eminently sound premise: ". . . That our national experiment in self-government will and should be continued, and that its success will depend . . . on the number of voters who read and think for themselves. . . ."

Liberal or conservative, you'll find this an interesting, informative book. And there's ammunition here for both political philosophies.

Few names in history can incite such a tumult in a youngster's heart as that of Geronimo, the Apache warrior who rode the deserts and mountains of Arizona and New Mexico during the Apache uprising in 1885-86. Like Sitting Bull, Geronimo is becoming a legend. And now here is a book, *On the Bloody Trail of Geronimo* (Westernlore Press, $7.50), by **Lt. John Bigelow, Jr.,** big enough to deal with this Indian leader in the depth he deserves.

In the 1870s and 1880s many Army ›fficers supplemented their pay by sell-ng journals of life in the field to maga-:ines. In submitting his journal to *)uting* magazine in 1886, Bigelow, a West Pointer, was following the trend. But his account of day-by-day experi-nces in the campaign against the Apaches under Geronimo contains nore than the routine mention of troop ctivities usually found in dry military eports. Written in the field, *Bigelow's ournal,* as it was originally called when irst published, constitutes one of the ruest pictures of Army life during the iprising. And, in addition to his ob-ervations on frontier life, Bigelow tried › evaluate Army life as seen through he eyes of a junior officer.

Arthur Woodward, for 25 years hief curator of history and anthropol-gy at the Los Angeles County Muse-m, has edited *Bigelow's Journal* for nis special reprint (limited to 750 opies).

Editors, eggheads, and educators have een trying to tell us that what the orld calls success isn't the only thing n life. Sometimes, they say, it's fun to ›ok at a sunset instead of TV, to see nat junior gets cognizance instead of a onvertible. But too many people won't ake time to listen.

However, a slim little volume of car-›ons, *Sick, Sick, Sick* (McGraw-Hill, 1.50), by **Jules Feiffer,** may be able › sneak past our defenses because it's › funny. This "guide to non-confident ving," as Feiffer calls it, is so deceptive-/ simple, so zany, that we find we are iughing at ourselves, then examining ur motives, then *thinking,* before we ealize what's happening.

For one so young (29), Feiffer has mazing insight into human weaknesses nd foibles. With a few careless-looking ketches, little verbiage, and sharp, off-eat humor he hits dead center every ime. Some of his arrows are sure to it almost all of us.

One of the greatest tasks facing any istorian is to bring his man alive—to et him, as it were, down off the marble orse on the statue in the park and nake him a breathing person again, ace to face with problems and all too rone, perhaps, to err. But this is the hore **Marcus Cunliffe,** a young Brit-sh historian, sets himself in *George Vashington, Man and Monument* (Lit-le, Brown, $4).

And he succeeds. Not as completely, erhaps, as Douglas Southall Freeman n his monumental work, but as well s could be expected within the confines f a single volume. He helps us to see he father of our country as a man who, ike us, had weaknesses and troubles. As a young man, Washington was am-itious, concerned greatly with reputa-ion. In later years, he moved slowly,

Anyone who's ever felt that there's too much stress and strain in modern living will be sure to enjoy cartoons like these, appearing in Jules Feiffer's lively new book.

Brings You Joy!

Send for "Bright Horizons" today. Learn how you can make your future secure, how you can increase your spiritual satisfaction and live more abundantly by means of

The ANNUITY PLAN

An investment that saves you worry, trouble and expense. Your principal is safe, your income guaranteed at a high rate. As long as you live your income never varies, no ups and downs, no reinvestment worries. Finally your money goes for God's work here and abroad, spreading the Gospel, winning souls.

Beautiful booklet "Bright Horizons" in two colors gives you full particulars. Write for your copy today.

Division of World Missions and Division of National Missions of the Board of Missions of
THE METHODIST CHURCH
150 Fifth Ave., Dept. T8-27R-8 New York 11, N.Y.

MAKE MONEY WRITING
. . short paragraphs!

You don't have to be a trained author to make money writing. Hundreds now making money every day on short paragraphs. I tell you what to write, where and how to sell; and supply big list of editors who buy from beginners. Lots of small checks in a hurry bring cash that adds up quickly. No tedious study. Write to sell, right away. Send for free facts. **BENSON BARRETT, Dept. 113-V, 7464 N. Clark St., Chicago 26, Ill.**

Monroe FOLDING BANQUET TABLES

Buy Direct from Manufacturer

If you are on the Kitchen Committee of your church or school, or on the house or purchasing committee of your club or lodge, you will be interested in this modern, Folding Pedestal Banquet Table. Write for catalog and special discounts.
Monroe Co., 59 Church St., Colfax, Iowa

Browsing in Fiction

Gerald Kennedy

BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA, THE METHODIST CHURCH

WHEN Sir Walter Scott wrote his first novel he used a pseudonym. His great ambition had been to write poetry, but it was soon apparent that he lacked the literary gifts to fulfill that vision. To him, it seemed quite a comedown to write a novel and in the beginning he did not want his name associated with his work. This may have been because while all literature is self-revealing, none is more so than fiction. The novelist in a special way strips himself naked for all the world to see. It soon becomes apparent what kind of man is writing the story and it must take a great deal of courage to bare one's inner life to the whole world. This month, however, I have some books I regard so highly that it would be a pleasure to have my own name associated with them. I think these novels belong in the upper 10 per cent.

THEY CAME TO CORDURA, by Glendon Swarthout *(Random House, $3.50).*

This starts as if it is going to be just an ordinary tale of military adventure. But it is much more than that. The setting is in Mexico during the Pershing expedition against Villa. A major is given the responsibility of spotting the heroes in the engagements and taking them back to a safe place before they are killed. His is the responsibility of recommending them as heroes and of seeing that they get safely to the place where the medal is to be bestowed. It soon comes out that the major, however, has been accused of cowardice and has escaped court-martial only because of his friendship with the commanding officer. The significant thing that emerges from the story is that the men who performed some heroic task in combat are not very admirable characters. One or two are just ordinary boys and one or two others are outright villains. The question that boils up out of the book is what physical courage means and how important it is in the day-by-day affairs of life. The finest man in the group is the one who has been accused of being a coward. The worst one will receive the distinguished award for courage. It all makes a fellow wonder!

THE PATH TO THE NEST OF SPIDERS, by Italo Calvino *(Beacon, $3.50).*

Juvenile delinquency has been a subject for discussion among adults in all places and in every century. Young people have different ways of being delinquent in different times, but the nature of the evil has not changed as much as we sometimes assume. In America, we are worried over youth that runs wild when it is over-privileged. What would we think about the problems of the young in occupied and postwar countries? This little book tells about a boy with no mother or father, a prostitute sister, and caught in a society where killing is an everyday happening. What do the experts have to suggest for that situation? With a good deal of sympathy and tenderness, the author lets us look into the loneliness and broken dreams of this boy. There is nothing sentimental or hopeful in the story. But there is the sense of a grandeur in the heart of every child. And that, brethren, takes us into the presence of One who warned that for whoever caused a child to sin, "it would be better for him to have a great millstone fastened round his neck and to be drowned in the depth of the sea."

THE TRAVELS OF JAIMIE McPHEETERS, by Robert Lewis Taylor *(Doubleday, $4.50).*

Here is the Tom Sawyer of the western exploration. Through the eyes of a boy we see the adventure of the long trail west from Missouri, and the defeats and excitements of the gold-rush experience. It has humor, drama, adventure, realism. Even such braggarts as Jaimie's father have a charm about them that makes us want to pity rather than condemn their foibles. The book is full of compassion and understanding. It has its villains and is never too sentimental, but through it all you have the feeling that people have nobilty and life is wonderful.

ften unsure of which step to take next. But these qualities do not detract ·om his greatness; instead, they add to . For, despite his faults, he had the :ed of genius in him—and from his iith, and that of many cast in perhaps lesser mold—sprung our great nation.

It's always a pleasure to read poetry ıat hums with good feeling, confi-:nce, and faith. But it's doubly so when ıe writer is a person who knows what ıd breaks are—who isn't writing mere-with the head, but with the heart as ell. That's **Jane Merchant.**

Miss Merchant, whose poems are fa-iiliar to many of you, is a semi-invalid hose uplifting words have appeared ten in many national magazines—in-uding TOGETHER. (As a matter of fact, :r *One Hour* is on page 77 of this sue.) And now Abingdon Press has ·ought out another volume of 198 her poems under the intriguing title, *'alfway Up the Sky*. It's a good $2 orth of anybody's money.

Included are humorous poems—with) hint of bitterness; serious works—ithout glumness, and inspiring words -without platitudes. Perhaps, like me, ɔu'll enjoy this brief one called *Psalter* pecially:

I have learned well, in tempests and in calms,
The holy beauty of the Shepherd's psalms;
And I have often watched with prayerful eyes
While God writes psalms, with clouds, in evening skies.

From the pen of **Dr. Asbury Smith,** Methodist minister for 32 years, comes significant new contribution to Chris-ın literature—a book which re-creates e lives of the apostles. It's *The Twelve hrist Chose* (Harper, $3).

"For most of us," writes the author, he Twelve our Lord chose to be with m are figures in a stained-glass win-ɔw, and if the names on the window ere inter-changed we would never ıow the difference."

Dr. Smith's 278-page work gives the ɔostles life and substance, full dimen-ɔn and color, as befits men and not aster saints. Says Bishop G. Bromley xnam: "The apostles live and ·eathe."

To re-create the 12 for us, Dr. Smith ırns to the gospel, to tradition and ılklore, and to the secular histories of later day. From Simon Peter to Judas cariot, Dr. Smith has fashioned his ɔrtraits in such a way as to reveal the otivation and character of each. At 's touch they become men—the few ho were strong enough to be chosen.

Helped by Dr. Smith's words and the oodcuts of Agostino Carracci, the 12 ɔw can become far more than figures ı a stained-glass window.

—BARNABAS

ANYONE CAN WIN! IT'S FUN!

Join the STUART TREASURE HUNT FREE

Big $1.25 Assortment of 21 NEW GREETING CARDS For Finding Our "Buried" Ad In This Magazine!

NEW 1958 ALL-OCCASION ENSEMBLE
21 new birthday and other cards. Like 3 different assortments in one. Sells for $1.25. Yours FREE, for finding our "Treasure Hunt" ad!

Can you find a hidden treasure? On another page of this magazine we "buried" a small "Treasure Hunt" ad. Find it and we'll give you our beautiful new $1.25 Assortment of 21 greeting cards *absolutely* FREE! And that's only the beginning!

Your Opportunity To Make $50.00 to $250.00 EXTRA!

Besides giving you FREE Cards, we will also show you how to easily make as much as $50 to $250 Extra Money with STUART Christmas and All-Occasion Cards and Gift Items. To start you earning at once, we'll include gorgeous Christmas Card samples with your FREE Assortment. When they arrive, you'll see why just showing them to few friends is lots more fun and leads you to a treasure of money.

Hurry! Get Your Free Box Today!
Look for our little "Treasure Hunt" ad now. You can recognize it by our name in it. Clip it and mail it in with this coupon. Send no money. We'll rush our 21-card Assortment to you FREE together with your Christmas Card samples ON APPROVAL (pay at wholesale or return at our expense). Join in the fun of STUART'S Treasure Hunt. Look for our "buried" ad NOW!

STUART GREETINGS, INC.
4436 N. Clark St., Dept. 137 Chicago 40, Ill.

MAIL NOW FOR FREE ASSORTMENT!

STUART GREETINGS, INC., Dept. 137
4436 N. Clark St., Chicago 40, Ill.

Enclosed is your small "Treasure Hunt" ad. This entitles me to your 21-Card $1.25 Assortment FREE, with money-making Christmas Card samples ON APPROVAL.

Name_____

Address_____

City & Zone_____State_____

Offer limited to one to a family.

Tell it to TOGETHER..

Are you one out of five Americans that will be moving this year? Then you'll want to make sure you won't miss a single copy of TOGETHER! Simply fill out this coupon and mail it today.

To: Together 740 Rush Street, Chicago 11, Illinois

From: *Your Code Number* _____
(printed on your mailing label)

Name _____

Old Address _____

City or Town _____ *Zone* ___ *State* _____

MY NEW ADDRESS IS:

Street _____

City or Town _____ *Zone* ___ *State* _____

Mail 5 Weeks Before Moving

MATURE YEARS

Methodism's own attractive, stimulating magazine for its Older Adults. Each quarterly issue brings 64 pages of inspiration, information and entertainment to help readers enjoy a fuller, richer, more purposeful life. Stories, personal interest features, articles on travel and hobbies, poetry, devotional helps, interpretations of International Sunday School Lessons, and spiritual counsel on personal problems. *All this and more . . . in MATURE YEARS.*

MATURE YEARS

ONLY $1.50 A YEAR

For Individual Subscription

Order TODAY from the House nearest you

THE METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE

Baltimore 3	Chicago 11	Cincinnati 2
Dallas 1	Detroit 1	Kansas City 6
Nashville 2	New York 11	Pittsburgh 30
Portland 5	Richmond 16	San Francisco 2

THE CONSISTENT ADVERTISERS IN **TOGETHER** MERIT YOUR PATRONAGE.

ORGANIZATIONS *Raise Money Easily*

The Rembrandt of Pictorial Plates

Edwards' exquisite 10-inch pictorial plates are cherished mementos, a valuable source of income to your organization—an inspiration to all your members! Edwards' authentic commemorative designs are the Rembrandt of quality, superior etching-like reproduction of your building or scene on genuine porcelain of original ceramic patterns. Wholesale prices, organizations, only. Without obligation write for prices and beautiful free illustrated brochure. Ask for Folder T.

Edwards' CHINA & GLASSWARE CO.

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND

Dr. Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith

Will prayer bring rain?

Not so far as we know. If prayer for life-giving showers automatically brought them, this blessed means of communication between God and man would become nothing more than magic. (Religion, on its lowe levels, has often been close to magic.) We would have a gum-machine kind of universe, with no place fo a personal, loving, forgiving God.

Do Catholic and Protestant Bibles differ?

Catholics of the Roman church include the 13 books of the Apocrypha Proper of the Old Testament. (There is a much larger Apocrypha, or collection of "hidden" writings, both Palestinian and Hellenistic. Actually, there was no "pe of silence" when the prophetic v was still.) Some of these (such Tobit and Judith) are writings surpassing beauty, and Ecclesiasticu is a rare book of wisdom.

Can prayer help me drive?

As a means of encouraging you to "drive for God," prayer can do more for your safety than all the safety belts, four-wheel brakes, and suction-grip tires ever invented. Prayer ought to be first on the list of safe-driving devices promoted by every safety congress.

How? The next time you are caught in a traffic jam, try telling the Lord that although, at the moment, you are the victim of someone else's mistakes or negligence, you have often inconvenienced or in jured others through your own. An the next time you are tempted t press on the accelerator—or the hor —to get even with your own fru tration, thank the Lord that yo have a car and don't have to wall Your fretfulness and impatience wi seem frightfully little.

Most important of all, drive a though your car were a sacred tru and all the people on the street wer your personal responsibility.

How can I 'keep' Sunday?

About as you want. No TV performer, no baseball magnate, and no popular preacher owns Sunday. Unless your work is unusual, Sunday belongs to you; the way you spend the precious 24 hours (who said Sunday ends at noon?) tells much about you—and your faith.

Sunday is for your enjoying, not mere enduring. If you try to keep it by observing a long list of "noes" and "thou shalt nots" you will surely lose it. That's what the Sabbitarians known as Pharisees did. Actually, Jesus broke one Sabbath rule, but he did it with a purpose and, therefor gloriously "kept" it.

You keep Sunday in accordan with the fourth commandment whe you make it a day of special joy b cause it reminds you of the Resu rection of Jesus, and unites you i out-of-the-ordinary fellowship wit him—and renews your soul, min and body, just as he would wish o his day, the Lord's Day.

Dr. T. Otto Nall is editor of The New Chri tian Advocate, *a graduate of Garrett Biblic Institute, and the author of several books, t latest of which is* The Bible When You Ne It Most *(Reflection Book, Association Press*

Help Your Child

Get the Most Out of His School Work . . . Give Him the Best References Available

Here are reference books parents and students alike will refer to again and again. Difficult studies suddenly become clear—when you have the meaning of a new word. English compositions improve with the use of a larger vocabulary instead of the same over-used words. Geographical descriptions are clearer when you can see the location of far-away places on a colorful globe. All of the books below are recognized as "the last word" in their respective fields! Order these books today for your home—and watch your child's grades improve.

MERRIAM-WEBSTER'S
NEW COLLEGIATE
DICTIONARY

p d on Webster's *New International* ionary. Contains more than 125,000 fully selected entries. Definitions are icise and easy-to-understand—presented th a wealth of illustrative examples. Pro- nciation is given in the universally ac- epted Merriam-Webster symbols. 2,300 erms are illustrated pictorially to aid un- lerstanding of complex subjects. 1,196 ages—yet the volume weighs only slightly ver three pounds. Choose from four edi- ions; order by numbers below. Postpaid.

ME-9. Blue Cloth Binding $6.00
ME-10. Red Fabrikoid Binding $8.75
ME-12. Dark Blue Pigskin $15.00
ME-13. Brown Pigskin $15.00

MERRIAM-WEBSTER'S
ELEMENTARY DICTIONARY

Prepared especially for children in the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh grades—based on actual recorded usage of the words found in books and magazines for elementary school children. All material was carefully compiled—18,000 vocabulary entries and 1,600 pictures to increase understanding. Special sections show how to use the dictionary. Large type with simplified pronunciation. Gray cloth binding.
ME-75 ..... *postpaid*, $3.75

MERRIAM-WEBSTER'S
DICTIONARY of SYNONYMS

The most useful, modern, comprehensive treatment of synonyms ever published. Designed to explain and illustrate the use and discrimination of words, it includes extensive lists of antonyms, and analogous and contrasted words. Size, 7⅛x10 inches. Tan cloth binding; 944 pages. Thumb-indexed. **ME-41** ..... *postpaid*, $6.00

MERRIAM-WEBSTER'S
BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY

An inclusive single volume of general biographical reference. Contains concise biographies of some 40,000 men and women from all walks of life, historical and contemporary, in all parts of the world; approximately one-third of them are living. A guide to pronunciation, as well as other valuable special sections have been included. 1,730 pages. Size, 7⅛x10 inches. Brown Bancroft cloth, indexed.
ME-43 ..... *postpaid*, $8.50

MERRIAM-WEBSTER'S
GEOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY

A unique volume—unlike any other reference book available. More than 40,000 of the world's important places with accurate geographical and historical information. Includes all incorporated cities, towns, and villages in the U. S. and Canada with 1,500 or more population. 177 maps, including 24 full-page maps in color; 126 useful tables; complete guide to pronunciation. Latest official census figures. 1,352 pages. Size 7⅛x10 inches. Rosewood cloth binding.
ME-45 ..... *postpaid*, $8.50

12-INCH REPLOGLE
GYRO-MATIC GLOBE

A modern globe with the new Gyro-matic mounting—features a beautiful contemporary design. The Gyro-matic mounting lets the globe swing forward or backward on its gyro-like mounting at the slightest touch. The full meridian, numbered in degrees—and assembly are brass finished. Base features a modern design and has rich satin brass plating. The large 10-color globe shows 6,410 place names in large, clear type and every country clearly. Height, 16½ inches. Comes with a 96-page booklet designed to help you enjoy your globe more. **RP-P112.** Postage extra; shpg. wt., 6 lbs. $12.95

FILL IN AND MAIL TODAY

Order from
THE METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE
serving you

Baltimore 3 • Chicago 11 • Cincinnati 2
Dallas 1 • Detroit 1 • Kansas City 6
Nashville 2 • New York 11 • Pittsburgh 30
Portland 5 • Richmond 16 • San Francisco 2

Please send me the following items:

☐ Charge to my account ☐ Payment enclosed

☐ Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary, specify binding $____
☐ Webster's Elementary Dictionary $3.75
☐ Webster's Dictionary of Synonyms $6.00
☐ Webster's Geographical Dictionary $8.50
☐ Webster's Biographical Dictionary $8.50
☐ Replogle Gyro-Matic Globe $12.95

SEND TO _____

Street _____

City _____ ( )

State _____

Add state sales tax where it applies

Shop at our COKESBURY BOOK STORES:
Atlanta, 72 Broad St., N. W.
Boston, 577 Boylston St.
Los Angeles, 5244 Santa Monica Blvd.
Nashville, 417 Church St.

The Best Cat in the World

By LOIS WEDEL

DAVID sat on the front steps of his house and watched. A boy from his Sunday-school class was coming down the street. David knew the boy's name was Jack. He was stopping at every house to ring the doorbell and ask a question. Each time, the person who came to the door would shake his head and Jack would go sadly on. David thought he knew why Jack was doing this. He was probably looking for a lost pet.

Last week, David had been doing that very same thing. The day Smoky had disappeared he had looked for her everywhere. When he did not find her, David could not help crying a little bit. "She's *the best cat in the world!*" he had told his mother and father. At bedtime every night since, he had prayed that God would send Smoky back to him.

Perhaps there had been a reason why God could not send Smoky back, but David felt certain now that he had heard the prayers. This morning a small gray and white cat had come meowing to the back door. "This cat isn't Smoky so of course she isn't the best cat in the world," David had said, "but any cat is better than no cat at all!" Then David had given her a saucer of milk and made a bed for her under the kitchen stove where Smoky's bed had been.

When Jack saw David sitting on the steps, he hurried across the street. "I lost my cat," he said. "Have you seen it?"

David stared. A troubling idea popped into his head. Suppose Jack's cat and the cat that had come to David this morning were the same cat? She was *David's* cat now. She had come to take Smoky's place. "What did your cat look

An Evening Prayer

Now the sun has gone to sleep,
And birds are in their nest;
So I will thank You for my day,
My busy day of work and play,
And then I'll go to rest.

ELIZABETH McE. SHIELDS

From Prayers for Little Children, *edited by Mary Alice Jones.* © *1949, Rand McNally & Company.*

ke?" David asked carefully.
"She has a white body," ack replied, "and her head nd tail are gray."

David bit his lip. He said to imself, *Yes, she's the same cat ll right, but why should I give er up?* He wished he could hink of the right thing to do. Ie supposed that even though God had sent the cat to him in ıe first place, he didn't mean ɔr him to keep her now. She elonged to Jack and Jack anted her back.

"Do you love your cat very ıuch?" David asked Jack.

"Do I?" cried Jack. "She's *ıe best cat in the world!*"

At that, David jumped up om the steps. "That's exactly hat I say about my cat, moky!" he exclaimed.

"Every boy thinks his own ıt is the best in the world," eplied Jack.

"I suppose," David said, that's why every boy should ave his own cat. I don't know here Smoky is, but I can give ɔu back your cat."

Jack's face brightened. avid could see how happy he as. "I think I hear my cat eowing right now," said ıck.

David listened thoughtfully ır a moment. "That's not your ıt meowing," he said, "Your ıt is sleeping in our kitchen. hat must be Smoky!" David arted to run.

The boys found Smoky be-ınd the garage. With her were ur new kittens. David was so ıppy that he jumped up and ɔwn. "Am I glad to see you, moky!" he said. "I like your ew kittens, but you're still *the est cat in the world* to me!"

Then David looked at Jack. Well, how do you like my ıt?" he asked proudly.

Jack smiled, "Smoky is nice ıd so are her kittens—but ait until you see my cat. She's *ıe best cat in the world*, too!"

David knew how Jack felt. Come on," he laughed. "Let's ɔ find your cat right now!"

Can You Guess These Riddles?

1. What looks like a cat, eats like a cat, walks like a cat, but is not a cat?
2. What has a bed, but never sleeps?
3. What is a calf after it is one year old?
4. What would happen if a girl swallowed her spoon?
5. What is the hardest thing about learning to ride a bicycle?

Answers: 1. *A kitten.* 2. *A river.* 3. *Two years old.* 4. *She couldn't stir.* 5. *The pavement.*

Sleepy-time Friends

Every night I have the habit
Of sleeping with a rabbit
And a monkey and a lion and a bear
And two tigers and a pig
And a doll who lost her wig
And a pussy cat with curly purple hair!

I 'most always share my sheets
With three cotton parakeets
And a giant duck whose feet are orangey-red
And a dog who wears a hat
And a horse who's much too fat
So there's hardly room for sleeping in my bed!

ANDRE ROSS

Treasures of the Beach

By A. B. JORDAN

A SEA-SHELL collector was describing his hobby to an eager group of spectators on a beach, using shells to illustrate the variety of specimens he had gathered. When he finished talking about some of the common mollusks —soft-bodied creatures such as snails, mussels, clams, and oysters which armor themselves with hard shells—a woman demanded skeptically, "Do you mean that animals really lived in those shells?"

That question caused the serious shell collectors (*conchologists*) to recall the time when they, too, were surprised to learn that shells were once creatures' homes. We all smiled.

Actually, however, I should be the last to laugh. There was a time when I knew next to nothing about shells. I'd seen a big sea shell—a queen conch —used as a doorstop, and I'd fed ground oyster shells to chickens, but that was the extent of my knowledge. I simply didn't know the science of conchology existed.

A walk along a New Guinea beach in 1943 changed everything. The beach sparkled under the hot sun like a jewelry-store window. Each wave, retreating, left the sand aglitter with dove and olive shells, with limpets, and murexes, and cowries. I didn't know their names, but I felt a dawning urge to learn them, for the shells' variety of shape and color fascinated me.

From then on, time never dragged. What began as a means of driving loneliness from empty hours turned into a delightful hobby. Others had the same idea; the best specimens were snatched up by eager hands. Nevertheless, before the war ended I had sent home many fine specimens I had found on beaches in the Dutch East Indies and the Philippine Islands.

When I returned to the U.S., I decided to find out the names of shells I had accumulated. Identifying them, I discovered, was just the beginning. The more research I did, the more interested I became in sharing my hobby. My first lame description, "Here's an odd shell called the murex," soon developed into an enthusiastic account which today would sound something like this:

"You'll be interested in this murex. Look at its odd shape. The frills are the murex trade-mark. Some species are found in all the warm seas. By the way, remember reading in your ancient history about Tyrian purple? How wool dyed with it brought the equivalent of $200 a pound? Roman emperors tried to hoard the dye, which was made in part from the secretions of animals of certain murex shells. Murexes are the most abundant of all shells, but some species are so rare that they're priceless!"

There's more to shell collecting than meets the eye, I've found. To thin of shells as detached from the creatur that live in them, and to ignore th relationship of both to man, is to mi their significance. A shipworm she I once picked up meant little to me until I learned from a source book th shipworms have sent countless vessels the bottom!

How could anyone unfamiliar wi man's long use of the cowrie shell tru appreciate it? Possessed of rare beaut the cowrie has been worn as an orn ment by millions down through t ages. Among primitive peoples, the shells still are used as money—esp cially in Africa, where in some plac 20,000 cowries will buy a wife!

Shell collecting is a hobby whi

For the young and the young at heart, dawn is the perfect time to hunt new shel

anches out into a seemingly endless riety of activities. There's always ex- ement in store. Here are just a few asons why I'm so enthusiastic about y hobby:

In shape and coloring, shells offer onderful variety, ranging in size from e microscopic to giant, hinged clams eighing 500 pounds when alive and ten measuring as much as four feet in ameter.

Shells last. No need to worry about sects or climate. With a little care in ndling, they never lose their brilliant loring.

Some shells are valuable, and may be orth hundreds of dollars.

Since they are truly works of art, u can arrange them in cabinets or ses for eye-catching display. And you n branch out into the crafts, creat- g shell jewelry or ornaments.

Shell collecting, which takes you out- ors, carries an element of adventure, : it can be pursued almost in your n back yard as well as in exotic eign lands. The thrill of finding a e species is not limited to experts. ere are hundreds of sought-after ecies, and new varieties are being covered each year. Any amateur has good a chance as the experienced col- tor of locating a coveted beauty. d there's no need to worry about austing the subject—nine million ecimens in the U.S. National Mu- m in Washington constitute an in- mplete collection!

Importantly, shell collecting often lps cement family ties. My son, Clin- n, studied shells for two years as a ence project in school. I'll always re- mber the pleasant hours we spent gether exploring the fascinating world mollusks—hours which helped draw closer together. Some children, I am d, have been bent toward a career in ence by their interest in shell col- ting.

OR the beginner, the first question ually is: "Where shall I look for ells?" The answer is, almost any- ere. You can find marine shells dily along shores in mud or sand, d in pools left by the tide. They ter the ocean floor, especially near cks and coral reefs. If you hunt shells ong reefs, be careful for they can rugged. Wear shoes and long ousers or slacks. Be wary of cone ells for some, when alive, can sting infully.

One of the richest treasure chests r collectors is along Florida's Gulf ast. Sanibel Island, near Fort Myers, s been called a shell-hunter's paradise. the West, the Gulf of California s won similar acclaim.

But shells are common on land, too. nd snails, some extremely colorful, e under logs and stones, on the

President of America's largest Methodist-related university, Harold Case likes to relax with the fine sea-shell exhibit in his office.

Nature's Tranquilizers

WHEN I began collecting sea shells years ago, I never imagined that one day I would find them useful in my work as a college administrator. From the start, I found that these seaside treasures had a therapeutic quality which helped calm my nerves. But, I asked myself, was this true for others?

I decided to try a test. In my office, I placed a coffee table which resembles a large piano bench with a hinged glass top. Inside, on a bed of ocean sand, I arranged some choice shell and marine-life specimens. At once this became a natural conversation piece. When faculty members, students, or other visitors arrived in a nervous state, the collection provided an easy starting point for our conferences. It relaxed the atmosphere—and we achieved better results.

In this way, my shells have helped me in my work. But I still think of my hobby primarily as a personal one, with special inner satisfactions. It isn't just the beauty and variety of shells that attract me. Walking beaches alone to hunt new specimens, wading in shallow pools left by the tide, dredging up shells from the sand, seeing each shell's distinctive markings as I would the face of a friend; these simple shell-collecting activities have become truly soul-nourishing experiences for me.

I love the solitude of a walk along the ocean's shore—especially after a storm, when thousands of shells have been tossed out of the depths; or in the dawn's calm, when the lapping of waves is the only sound. There, with the ocean's unending vista as a backdrop, I find answered the need I feel for close contact with nature. Who could help but feel humility as he moves like a dot on this majestic canvas nature has drawn for us?

Yes, collecting sea shells has become more than just a useful hobby to me. For shells are reminders of the order and beauty with which God created his universe.

—HAROLD C. CASE
President, Boston University

Name Your Hobby

We especially would enjoy hearing from you readers who study local speech mannerisms, but a similar invitation is extended to all who wish to compare hobby notes with other Methodists. To be listed on this page, simply send your name, address, and primary hobby interest to Hobby Editor, TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11.—*Eds.*

BAKING: Louise A. Diettreich, 630 Calvin Ave., Buffalo, N.Y.

BOTANY: Paul Wells, Pennsville, Ohio.

BRAILLE TRANSCRIPTION: Herbert A. O'Neill, 311 Barbara Dr., Point Pleasant, N.J.; Mrs. Calla Bassett, Clarksdale, Mo.

BUTTONS: Mrs. John J. Bryan, 130 S. Angeleno Ave., Azusa, Calif.; Mrs. Charles E. Gibbs, Box 92, Monticello, Minn. (antique); Mrs. W. H. Jackson, 3304 Fredericksburg Rd., San Antonio 1, Tex. (antique).

CERAMICS: Mrs. Beverly Korbus, 9947 S. Homan, Evergreen Park 42, Ill.

CHESS BY MAIL: Ralph W. Wilson, 1509 S. Second Ave., Maywood, Ill.

CHURCH BULLETINS: Mrs. Albert Rowe, R. 1, Box 49, Shullsburg, Wis.; Pierce Johnson, 1616 N. Mills Ave., Claremont, Calif.; Mrs. James D. Gerald, 312 California Ave., Leland, Miss.

COIN BANKS: Rev. Paul E. Turk, 105 E. 155th St., Harvey, Ill. (mechanical).

COINS: Richard Reese, 420 14th St., Windom, Minn.; Rev. Sam Hedrick, 288 Parker St., Newton Centre 59, Mass.; C. R. Patterson, 212 E. North St., Butler, Pa. (U.S.); Gail E. Smith, Grand Junction, Tenn.; Howard Bryan, 130 S. Angeleno Ave., Azusa, Calif. (Indian Head Cents).

GENEALOGY: Mrs. E. Alvin Sewell, 810 E. Blacklidge Dr., Tucson, Ariz. (Sewell, Shepard, Sherk, Streyffeler, Suddath, Tull, Tuttle); Delbert Dyche, Belva, Okla. (West, Inman, Hatch, Graves, Dyche, Sellens, Stapp, Wright); Mabel Tyrrell, RD 1, Farmdale, Ohio (Tyrrell, Tuttle, Warren, Strickland, Pruden); Jerry S. Greene, R. 1, Moulton, Iowa (Greene, Barnett, Gosselink, Wiseman, Davis, Den Hartog, Hayden, Owens, Young, Moniel, Tharp, Hamilton).

Walter V. Hankla, Box 94, Frankston, Tex. (Hankla); Rev. Howard L. Bartlett, Box 213, Friendship, Tenn. (Gilbert, Craven, Vernon, Bartlett-Holland); Grace E. Wilson, 7146 Pennsylvania Ave., Kansas City 14, Mo. (Adams, Allen, Bondurant, Hatcher, Clark, Meredith, Royal, Wilson); Mrs. Prescott C. Crafts, 902 Paloma Dr., Arcadia, Calif. (Chase, Weymouth, Duval, Crafts, Zinck, Corkum); Chessie Lee Henderson, Paris, Ark. (Cannon, Nunnelee, Shaver, Mabry, Cole, Henderson, White, Brown, Temple, Lee).

Mrs. Mariana Switzer, Webber, Kan. (Fowler, Willmot, Williams, Shirk, Schireck, Miller, Bond, Switzer, Frankamp, Duncing); Jerry Hamilton, 209 Walnut St., Carterville, Mo. (Hamilton, Cannon, Hunt, Sidman, Sidnam, Rose, Price); Mrs. Elmer Early, 3070 Penrose Pl., Cincinnati 11, Ohio (Kidney, Jenks, Breese, Willey, Walker).

HANDKERCHIEFS: Rose Anderson, Second and Blunt Streets, Clay Center, Kan.

HYMNALS: Mrs. Wilbur S. Green, Trenton-Lakewood Rd., Star Route, Clarksburg, N.J.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS: Raymond Cheek, Box 75S, Hollister, Calif. (antique).

PENCILS: Diana Waterman, Wellsburg, N.Y.; Adrin Swenson, 32S Frederick St., Clay Center, Kan.; Mrs. R. W. Arnold, 806 N. Mulberry, Ottawa, Kan. (advertising); Mrs. R. M. Reynolds, 106 Chestnut St., Friend, Neb. (wooden).

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS: Billy Maxey, 2442 Kirkland Dr., NE, Atlanta 6, Ga.; Sharon James, S. Lee Ext., Garrett, Ind. (Popular music).

PICTURES: Mrs. Opal C. Penrod, 201 E. Delaware Pl., Chicago 11, Ill.; Mrs. Rudolph F. Homan, 435 Hampton Ave., Long Branch, N.J. (madonnas).

POST CARDS: Beverly Cole, 217 W. Hickory St., Union City, Ind.; Bill Harvey, Jr., 17050 Ludlow St., Granada Hills, Calif.; Betsy Bauder, 7218 5th Ave., No., St. Petersburg 2, Fla.; Lillian Freeman, 308 Blunt St., Clay Center, Kan.; Don H. Sherwood II, 412 W. Lincoln, Indianola, Iowa.

ROCKS: Susan Tranter, 4 E. Walnut St., Sharpsville, Ind.

SACHETS: Mrs. C. S. Warren, Milford, Ohio.

SALT & PEPPERS: Nellie Hawley, 13S7 S. 22nd St., Fort Dodge, Iowa; Ina Williamson, 866 S. 22nd St., Fort Dodge, Iowa; Mrs. J. D. Waterman, Lowman, N.Y.

SEA SHELLS: Susan Tranter, 4 E. Walnut St., Sharpsville, Ind.

STAMPS: Beverly Cole, 217 W. Hickory St., Union City, Ind.; Mrs. Wilmer A. Morrison, 4503 Penhurst Ave., Baltimore 1S, Md.

STEREOPTICON VIEWS: Mrs. Robert Travis, 801 Northwestern, Storm Lake, Iowa.

TOYS: Ruth M. Howell, 10 Avalon, Apt. 205, Highland Park 3, Mich. (collecting for crippled children).

TRAVEL: Rev. and Mrs. Dwight G. Bennett, 2S37 E. Third St., Long Beach 14, Calif. (Middle East, Holy Land).

TROPICAL FISH: Sharon James, S. Lee Ext., Garrett, Ind.

PEN PALS (open to age 18): Carolyn White (15), R. 3, Carrollton, Ohio; Sharon James (12), S. Lee Ext., Garrett, Ind.; Marilyn Barr (15), 8 Main St., Willow Street 2, Pa.; Sherri Luers (13), RFD 2, Orient, Iowa; Janice (11) and Karen (12) Patterson, 608 14th Ave., Green Bay, Wis.; Beverly Caron (1S), 18 Willow Ave., Salem, Mass.; Jeffrey (8) and Fae Elaine (9) Lindell, R. 2, Box 55, Akeley, Pa.

Jane Pearce (10), 39 Whitford St., Wakefield, R.I.; Penny Watson (11), 19 Whitford St., Wakefield, R.I.; Faye (12) and Clara Rose (14) Whitmire, R. 1., Chandlersville, Ohio; Virginia Halter (11), Waldo, Wis.; Orva Lambert (18), Brandywine, W. Va.; Mary Lee Heavner (17), Deer Run, W. Va.; Frank S. Johnson (17), Box 44, Farner, Tenn.; Connie Jo McKee (14), Dougherty, Iowa; Carolyn Bandzak (14), 693 Stewart Rd., Hubbard, Ohio; Carol Herrmann (9), 213 N. Fifth Ave., Onalaska, Wis.; Bill Johnson (10), 1817 Porter, Wichita 3, Kan.

Donna Gallaher (14), Decatur, Tenn.; Kaye Holden (13), Eagleville, Tenn.; Faye Stephens (13), Box 227, Champlin, Minn.; Melissa Johnson (11), 1817 Porter, Wichita 3, Kan.; June Scalover (10), Box 1, Franklintown, Pa.; Jean Hubbard (1S), Fernwood, N.Y.; Sally K. Ernst (14), Champlin, Minn.; Patti Harris (14), Hubbard, Neb.; Glenda Inman (13), 1661 Story Ave., Louisville 6, Ky.

Mawnee Craig (17), RD 3, Rimersburg, Pa.; Beverly Hollobaugh (17), RD 3, Rimersburg, Pa.; Lois Henry (17), RD 2, Rimersburg, Pa.; Nancy Ann Porter (14), Inwood, Iowa; Sue (10), and Brenda (11) Netherland, 1819 Ave. I, Scottsbluff, Neb.; Juanita Fuller (13), 716 S. Atlantic, Lima, Ohio; Judy Huebener (14), 684 N. Forest Ave., Webster Groves 19, Mo.; Patty Shirley (9), Stephenson, Va.

Lynn Cole (17), 275 W. Gobbi St., Ukiah, Calif.; Lillian Graves (17), 2267 S. Seventh St., Camden 4, N.J.

ground in hardwood forests, even on moist, moss-covered limestone. More than 500 species of fresh-water clams—some containing pearls—hide in the muddy bottoms of our inland lakes, creeks, and rivers. One of the most attractive collections I have ever seen came entirely from the Scioto River near Chillicothe, Ohio.

Most of these—and other shells commonly found in America—are discussed thoroughly in books, some of which probably are available in your library. Or, as a beginner, you may prefer to buy a few reference works.

The Peterson Field Guide Series includes two books on American sea shells which are excellent for identification: *A Field Guide to the Shells of Our Atlantic and Gulf Coasts* and *A Field Guide to Shells of the Pacific Coast and Hawaii* (Houghton Mifflin, $3.75 each), both by **Percy A. Morris.**

For an interesting general introduction to shells—how they are formed, odd characteristics, how to collect and prepare them for display—sample **A. Hyatt Verrill's** *Shell Collector's Handbook* (Putnam, $4).

One of the most complete, authoritative sources is *The Shell Book*, by **Julia E. Rogers** (revised edition, Charles T. Branford Co., $8.50). It includes detail on how to stock an aquarium with plants and mollusks—a simple, rewarding project for beginners.

Of course, you can't expect to learn everything from books. Experience is the only real way to become acquainted with many of the most important facts. I remember especially one lesson learned the hard way: I had a cowrie shell I prized because of its unusual shape and color—and I placed it in an aquarium of tropical fish. Within few weeks, the hard water had coated it with a white film impossible to remove without destroying the shell's sheen!

IF YOU decide this hobby may be for you, single out one specialty and narrow your range to just that. You can't cover the whole field.

After you classify and label your shells, exchange duplicates with other collectors. It's an unbeatable way to share information and experience. If you live in the East, try trading Atlantic shells for those of the Gulf or Pacific states. Trading the same varieties is especially interesting, for Pacific shells grow several times the size of their eastern counterparts—a mystery still unsolved.

Don't worry about asking questions. You'll learn a lot as you do, even if some others smile as they recall their own initiation into the hobby. I'll tell you this: I've asked many a question since the day on New Guinea when I picked up my first shell!

Casa Materna school: American Methodists gave $100,000 to build it.

Casa Materna: Home for Naples 'Bambinos'

CREATING "family feeling" and keeping it alive among 560 children under one roof is no small parental feat. But the Santis in Italy have done this, for love is the foundation upon which their Methodist-supported Casa Materna (Motherly Home) in Naples, was built.

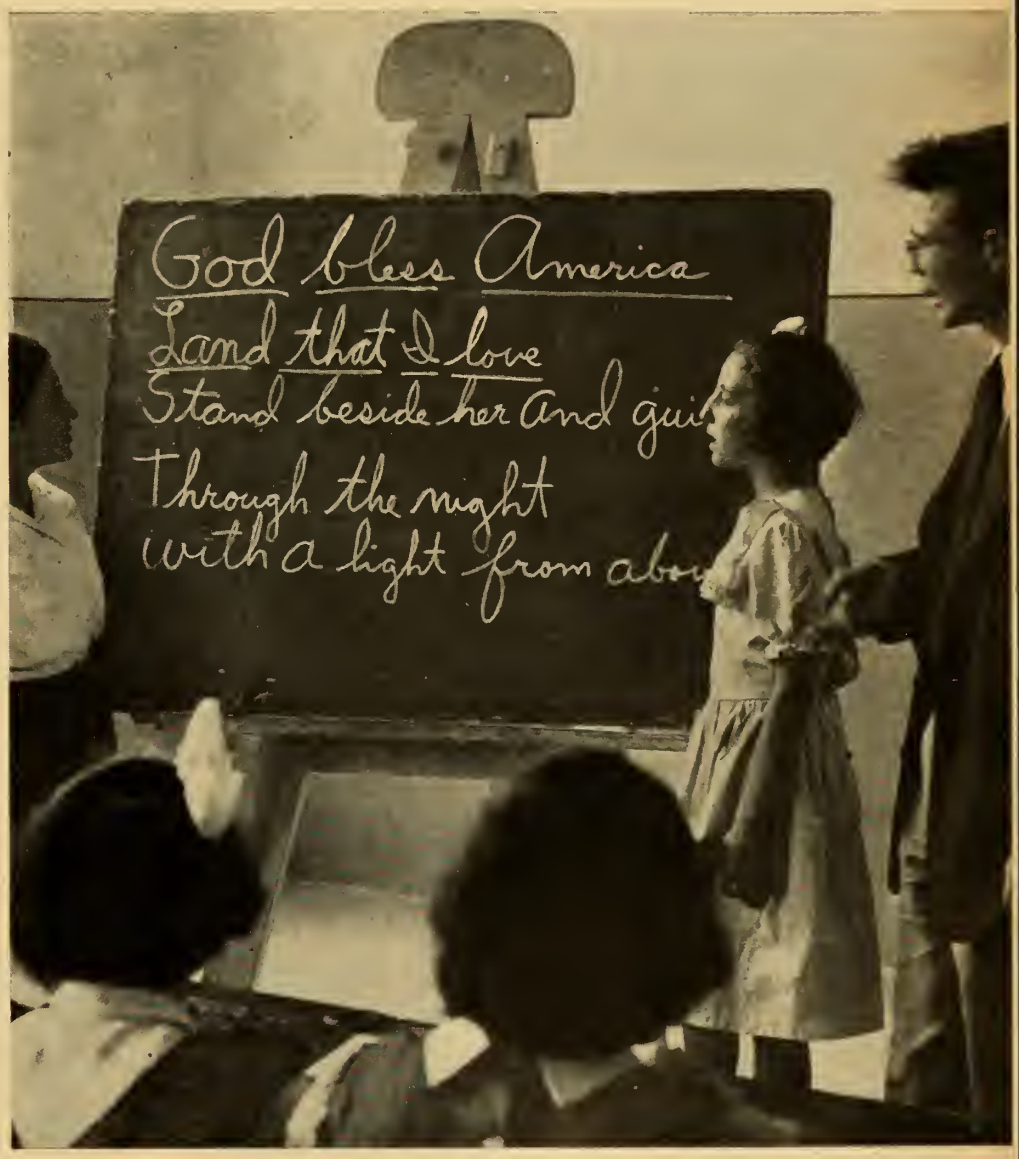
The home got its start when the Rev. Riccardo Santi, one of the few Methodist ministers in Italy, saw two homeless children on a Naples street in 1904. He heard in his mind the words: "These belong to Me. . . . Take them with you for my sake."

At home, Mr. and Mrs. Santi became "Papa" and "Mama" to these two children, and loved them as their own.

Mr. Santi had been an orphan. Having given two children a home, he could not refuse others. So the Santi family grew. They moved several times—always to larger quarters. In 1920, with the aid of the American Methodist Church, they bought the present home with its seven acres of land and beach on the Bay of Naples—once the villa of the Prince of Monaco.

The Santi sons now have grown up to take their places in Casa Materna. Emanuele is minister, Dr. Teofilo is doctor, and, until his death, Dr. Fabio was director. "Mama's" work is carried on by Livia (Mrs. Teofilo) Santi.

In any big, happy family boys and girls assume responsibilities which help keep the ball rolling and the budget balanced. Casa Materna young people help in the carpentry shop, the sewing room, with gardening, care of the grounds, and housekeeping. Girls learn to cook in the Casa Materna kitchen. Boys, assisting the resident farmer, keep the gardens weeded, cultivated, crops harvested. With typical family spirit, the Casa Materna choir has even gone on tour—to help pay for a new boys' dormitory.



God Bless America *is a favorite of members of the Casa Materna choir. Joel Warner, right, a Mamaroneck, N.Y., Methodist worker at the school, founded the choir and managed its 15,000-mile tour of U.S. and Europe in 1956. The choir met expenses, took home $45,000, which was earmarked for building a new dormitory to house 80 boys.*

Italian youngsters love music, and membership in Casa Materna's choir is considered such a great honor that the singers are more than willing to work hard at daily rehearsals. The choir, one of many cultural activities offered the children has completed three tours of Europe, one of the U.S. to date. Perhaps one of its members will one day sing at La Scala.

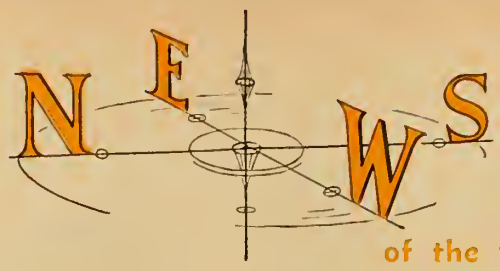
Pastor Riccardo Santi presents the Bible—and with it the pastorship of the Casa Materna chapel—to his eldest son, the Rev. Emanuele Santi. Now, at 87, Mr. Santi has placed his sons in charge of the home, founded some 54 years ago.

Young men of Casa Materna now play table tennis and games where horses once were groomed and trained. Older boys converted the stable into this recreation hall and study room for the home. About half of Casa Materna's support comes from U.S. Methodist churches.

Let the Little Ones Come Unto Me" is inscribed over the ntrance of the home—and through the years more than ,000 little ones have "come home" to Casa Materna. Above, five-year-old starts his education, one of the most vital parts f the home's program. But, as Dr. Fabio Santi once said, The greatest gift Casa Materna can give a child is love."

In this modern carpentry shop, 80 older boys help with the building program and repairs as they learn a trade that will help them to become self-supporting. When they graduate from Casa Materna, they are all good Christian workmen.

Sewing a fine seam is one of the important parts of the girls' vocational-training program. Mrs. Livia Santi, shown helping girls learn embroidery, is mother to all the children who call Casa Materna home.



of the world parish

METHODISTS URGE HALT TO A-BOMB TESTING

Methodist leaders took positive stands on nuclear tests, intercontinental missiles, politics, Congressional investigations, and taxes in recent Annual Conference sessions.

Nearly all Conferences adopted resolutions opposing further nuclear weapons tests. West Wisconsin Conference included a proposed ban on ICBMs as well; California-Nevada Conference called for "abolition of war itself," and Rock River (Illinois) Conference urged abolition of nuclear weapons through a strengthened UN "or a disarmament authority created by it."

Two Conferences, Iowa-Des Moines and Oregon, recommended UN admission of Red China.

Up for discussion at the Minnesota Conference were the forthcoming political campaigns, target of a resolution which urged churches to invite candidates to air their views and discuss "positive Christian solutions" to important problems. In a related development, the South Dakota Conference heard Gov. Joe Foss, a Republican, and Rep. George McGovern, a Democrat, discuss the problems of a Christian in politics. Both men are Methodists and candidates for Congress.

Opposition to the draft was expressed by the Illinois and Northwest Indiana Conferences. Illinois also condemned wasteful military expenditures and deficit spending; neighboring Rock River protested increased military secrecy and the huge U.S. budget slice going to the military.

Delegates to California-Nevada urged elimination of tax exemption for private and religious schools, charging that exemption provides an incentive for the rapid growth of such institutions in direct competition with the public-school system.

Criticism of Congressional investigating-committee methods also was expressed by some conferences. Newark (New Jersey) Conference called for drastic reforms in the methods of the House Un-American and Senate Internal Security committees. If reforms are not made, the Conference added, Congress should abolish the committees.

Nearly all Conferences acted to strengthen local churches. Many voted to hike preachers' pay and pensions.

Other actions:

- Erie Conference—Formed a 2,000-member "$10 Club," which will seek to raise $20,000 as a starter fund for new church buildings.
- Oregon Annual Conference—Urged churches to use the latest methods of getting members and to move evangelism out of the "campaign business."
- Virginia Conference—Called on its members to use Sunday-evening services to train and educate members.
- Kansas Conference—Approved a Conference-wide prayer vigil for the first five months of 1959 and agreed to extend the plan for an entire year if the Central Kansas Conference (Hutchinson) is willing to make it area-wide.

Also, two Conferences voted to change their names. Iowa-Des Moines is to be known as the South Iowa Conference; Illinois is to be the Central Illinois Conference.

Missionaries Face Test

Protestant missionaries face increasing responsibilities for helping correct political, social, and economic ills, five Methodist missionaries have told the 13th annual Furloughed Missionary Conference at Greencastle, Ind.

The Rev. Edward F. Smith, Belgia Congo missionary, declared it will de mand the missionary's "best though and effort in every area of life" to hel solve colonialism in Africa.

Speaking on mission problems i Cuba, Dr. David White said the churc must teach that violence will not solv problems. And Caroline Peckham, mis sionary to Japan, warned that the grea challenge to the Christian church ther is to arouse conscious action against so cial evils.

A missionary to the Philippines, D J. B. Holt, said that Protestants ther face the problem of how to be a creativ minority in the midst of a population 8 per cent Roman Catholic. Chief area o Protestant-Catholic tension, he added, in public education.

Irene Wells reported that in Indi today is a "testing time" for Christia churches and missionaries. Conversio of the nation to a modern industri state, she explained, presents staggerin problems.

'Put Christ in College Progran

U.S. Christian colleges need "strong, revitalized, Christian progra within the framework of the liber arts" even more than they need dollar

This is the conclusion Christian ed cators reached after five days of discu sion at the second Quadrennial Co vocation of Protestant Colleges at Dral University. The session was sponsor by the National Council of Church

A report adopted by the meetin recommended these methods of relati Christian commitment to intellectu responsibility:

1. Make use of the Bible as the sour

How did Methodism's Fort Wayne (Ind.) District become the first to subscribe 1 per cent to TOGETHER? *These officials plan a 15-minute color filmstrip to tell t story. It will be released this month primarily to church official boards. From le Warren Clark,* TOGETHER *business manager; Superintendent Byron Stroh; Ern Allen, photographer, and A. J. Pilversak, Television, Radio, and Film Commissio*

for faith, practice, and knowledge.

2. Take the Bible as the record of man's encounter with God, and religious experience as the ground for religious truth.

3. Separate faith and knowledge.

4. Combine faith and knowledge but leave them open to confirmation or refutation.

5. Discipline the ways of accomplishing goals, with responsibility self-contained as well as imposed.

More College Openings Listed

Methodist colleges and universities are closing fall registrations now but the following schools have reported some remaining openings to the Board of Education and TOGETHER. [For other Methodist schools with openings, see July, page 69.]

Andrew College, Cuthbert, Ga.: 50 openings. Two-year arts, sciences, business.

Baker University, Baldwin, Kan.: Some openings. Liberal arts, music, business, education, church administration, preprofessional. Tie ins with U. of Kansas, Kansas State, Duke U.

Boston University, Boston, Mass.: 800 openings. Liberal arts, business, industrial technology, theology, law, medicine, education, nursing.

Claflin College, Orangeburg, S. C.: 450 openings. Liberal arts, education.

Dakota Wesleyan University, Mitchell, S. Dak.: Openings for 50 freshmen. Liberal arts, education, nursing, business, preprofessional.

Dillard University, New Orleans, La.: Some openings. Liberal arts, nursing, education, preprofessional.

Emory-at-Oxford, Oxford, Ga.: 12 openings. Two-year liberal arts and preprofessional. A division of Emory University, Atlanta.

Kendall College, Evanston, Ill.: 25 openings. Two-year liberal arts, education, church work.

Lawrence College, Appleton, Wis.: Openings for 10 men. Liberal arts, music, preprofessional. Tie in with Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Lindsey Wilson College, Columbia, Ky.: 10 openings. Two-year liberal arts, business, education, church work, preprofessional.

Morristown College, Morristown, Tenn.: 50 openings. Two-year liberal arts, business, education, preprofessional.

Ohio Northern University, Ada: 50 openings. Liberal arts, law, engineering, pharmacy.

Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware: 15 openings. Liberal arts. Tie ins with a number of technological and other schools.

Union College, Barbourville, Ky.: 50 openings. Education, business, nursing, music, religious education, preprofessional. Tie ins with professional schools.

Wesley College, Dover, Del.: 35 openings. Two-year liberal arts, business.

Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.: 100 openings. Liberal arts, sciences, preprofessional. Tie ins with Columbia U., Duke U., medical and law schools.

High Court Aids Churches

A U.S. Supreme Court decision declaring California's loyalty oath for tax exemption unconstitutional has come as a boon to several Methodist churches.

Four, including First Church at San Leandro, had challenged the 1953 law requiring nonprofit organizations to sign a loyalty oath to obtain property-tax exemptions. A number of others, several of them Methodists, signed the oath under protest, and the California-

2 Brand New BOXES of Cardinal CHRISTMAS CARDS Yours for Only 59¢ (Retail price, $2.00)

Amazing Offer To Show You Easy Way To Make Up To $100 IN SPARE TIME!

Exclusive! 21-Card Imperial 21 Christmas Asst. $1

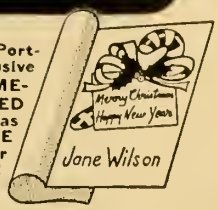
21-Card Candle Glow Christmas Asst. $1

If you want extra money, we'll send you *both* of these new 21-Card $1 Christmas Assortments for only 59c. Just show them to people you know and let them see how *much* $1 buys in thrilling new Cardinal Card Assortments. They'll buy fast and thank you. The quick profits you make—up to 50c of each dollar—will show you how easily you can earn.

Every Day Is DOLLAR Day

Cardinal's easy-to-sell $1 "buys" include many other new Christmas and All-Occasion Card Assortments, Stationery and Gifts. Also a big line in all price ranges—featuring finest EXCLUSIVE Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards that sell on sight from FREE Samples. Biggest cash profits, plus *Extra Cash Bonus*. Money-Back Guarantee assures up to *20c extra profit per box!*

Handsome Portfolios of Exclusive NAME-IMPRINTED Christmas Cards FREE with Your Assortments!



ACT NOW... SEND NO MONEY!

You don't need any experience. We'll send the two boxes and exclusive Name-Imprinted Samples on FREE TRIAL. $1 Gift Offer included. *Don't pay a cent until you see what you get.* Just send the coupon.

EXTRA! $1 GIFT

"Sweet Tooth" Salt & Pepper Set given for first regular order.

USE THIS COUPON TODAY!

CARDINAL CRAFTSMEN
1400 State Ave., Dept. 75-R, Cincinnati 14, Ohio

MAIL COUPON NOW!

CARDINAL CRAFTSMEN, Dept. 75-R,
1400 State Ave., Cincinnati 14, Ohio

Please send 2 new $1 boxes and Name-Imprinted Samples on FREE TRIAL. After I see the cards, I may pay for them at 59c plus postage, or return them and owe nothing. Include $1 Gift Offer.

Name .....

Address .....

City & State .....

PLEASE DO NOT ENCLOSE ANY MONEY

ORDERING STAMPS OR CARDS

TOGETHER accepts advertisements only from reliable dealers. If the advertisement mentions the word "approval" or "approvals," the dealer intends to send a selection of merchandise known as "approvals" in addition to any free items or ones you have paid for in advance. If you keep any of the "approval" items, you must pay for them and return the ones you do not wish to buy. If you do not intend to buy any of the "approval" items, return them promptly, being sure your name and address are clearly written in the upper left-hand corner of the package in which you return the merchandise.

NEW HEARING FROM GEM

HEAR WITH BOTH EARS THRU YOUR EYEGLASSES!

New Miracle of Binaural Hearing forever ends embarrassment, confusion. Gives you "all directional hearing" thru your eyeglasses. Units in tips of temple bars. Completely hidden. No dangling cord . . no clothing noise . . no button in ear. Slim, nearly invisible plastic tube transmits sound from temple tips to ears. Also Monaural (one-ear) eyeglasses.

* Frames interchangeable
* Choice of colors.
* Slimmest temples.
* 2-Year Guarantee.

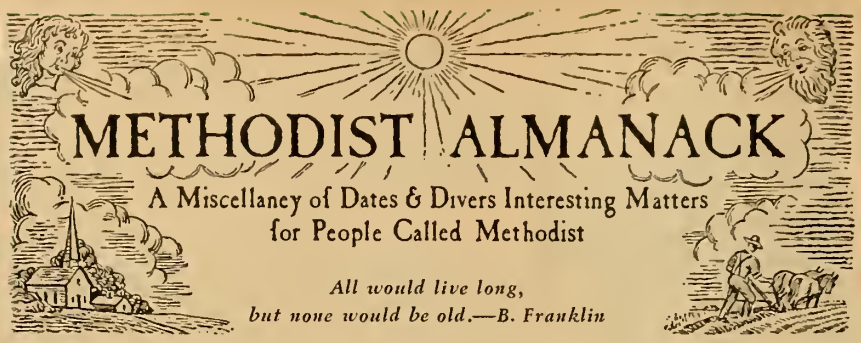
NEW! Behind-the-Ear Model

* Precision made to fit either ear . . . snugly . . . securely.
* Completely hidden on women, nearly invisible on men.
* Full range volume control. Choice of colors.
* 2 Year Guarantee

SEE YOUR NEAREST DEALER OR WRITE DEPT. T for FREE Booklet

THE GEM EARPHONE COMPANY

HEARING AIDS OF MERIT SINCE 1912
89 East Jericho Turnpike, Mineola, L. I., N. Y.



AUGUST hath XXXI days — 8th Month

And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.—Cowper

15	Fr	Mississippi constitution adopted, 1817
16	Sa	*No one is injured save by himself.*
17	S	Interdenominational Mission Conference convenes, Chautauqua, N.Y.
18	M	America's 1st white child b., 1587
19	Tu	N.Y. Herald reports gold in Calif., 1848
20	W	Wm. Booth d. 1912 ☞
21	Th	Close of 8-day National Conference of Methodist Youth, Greencastle, Ind.
22	Fr	*Gratitude is the sign of noble souls.*
23	Sa	Intercollegiate School of Alcohol Studies, Waterloo, Ontario
24	S	World Service Sunday
25	M	British burn Washington gov't bldgs., 1814
26	Tu	Inventor Lee DeForest, b. 1873 Patented over 300 radio, TV inventions
27	W	1st auto speeding arrest (R.I.) 1904
28	Th	Britain abolishes slavery, 1833
29	Fr	New York City sees 1st cable cars, 1885
30	Sa	MacArthur lands in Japan, 1945
31	S	Labor Sunday

■ In 1864 an enthusiastic young Methodist arrived in London, began holding services in tents and on street corners. He established a Christian Mission which later (1878) became the Salvation Army. The ideals and principles of the young evangelist, William Booth, its 1st 'general,' were to win universal respect for the Army. While preaching the gospel, its officers never forgot Christ's sermon: "I was hungry, and you gave me food, . . . naked and you clothed me, I was sick and you visited me, I was in prison and you came to me."

SEPTEMBER hath XXX days — 9th Month

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.—Longfellow

1	M	Hitler invades Poland, 1939
2	Tu	Dr. Thomas Coke ordained, 1784 ☞
3	W	1st issue New York Sun, 1833 Last issue, Jan. 3, 1950
4	Th	Geronimo, one of last leaders of Great Plains uprising, surrenders, 1886
5	Fr	*Confidence begets confidence.*
6	Sa	Massachusetts Bay Colony begins, 1628
7	S	Elizabeth I b., 1533
8	M	Japanese peace treaty signed by 49 nations, San Francisco, 1951
9	Tu	New Mexico, Utah territories begun, 1850
10	W	Daughters of Confederacy founded, 1894
11	Th	Master storyteller O. Henry b., 1862
12	F	Orville Wright aloft 1 hr., 10 min., 1908
13	Sa	*Christianity is a battle, not a dream.*
14	S	At McKendree Chapel, Cape Girardeau, Mo., 1st annual conf. west of Mississippi, 1819

■ He was ordained by John Wesley before coming to America to be joint "superintendent" with Francis Asbury. The 2 met in Delaware, where Bishop Coke held the 1st Lord's Supper in America celebrated by an ordained Methodist preacher.

Nevada Conference for several years has urged the law's repeal.

The high court's decision held that the law violated the "due process of law" provision of the 14th Amendment.

Religion as Usual 'Not Enough'

Good intentions, an occasional prayer, and heart-warming sermons aren't enough in this nuclear-space age, according to Dr. Kirtley F. Mather, professor emeritus of geology at Harvard University.

"Nuclear weapons and intercontinental ballistic missiles have turned the balance of power among nations into a balance of terror," he told the Northfield, Mass., Conference on the Christian World Mission.

Dr. Mather added: "The modern scientific concept of chain reaction in nuclear fission is the counterpart of the Christian concept of the leaven in the loaf."

Overseas Pastors in U.S. Posts

Ten Methodists from Asia and Africa are serving five-month internships as assistant pastors in U.S. communities.

This is the second phase of a new Board of Missions' program to strengthen ministerial leadership overseas and promote understanding between U.S. and foreign churches. The first was a period of study at Drew Theological Seminary.

Assignments:

The Rev. Kenneth Choto, Southern Rhodesia, to Lexington, Va., Large Parish.

The Rev. Johnston S. Q. Bakhsh, Pakistan, to First Church, Eugene, Ore.

The Rev. Ong Chaik Ghee, Singapore, to St. Mark's Church, Atlanta, Ga.

The Rev. Pedro F. Daluado, Philippines, to Micanopy, Fla., circuit.

The Rev. A. Davadas Jacob, India, to High Street Church, Muncie, Ind.

The Rev. James C. Lal, India, to Grace Church, Roanoke, Va.

The Rev. Sin Oh Pak, Korea, to First Church, Indiana, Pa.

The Rev. Nobuya Utsunomiya, Japan, to Third Avenue Church, Columbus, Ohio.

The Rev. Daya Prakash Titus, India, to First Church, Tampa, Fla.

The Rev. Jose R. Raquindin, Philippines, to Canal-Lewisville Church and two other charges in Meigs and Coshocton counties, Ohio.

Spanish Protestants Gain

The Protestant Church in Spain is asserting itself and is growing despite oppression, Dr. Manuel Gutierrez Marin, Spanish Evangelical Church president, told an Evangelical Conference at Frankfurt, Germany.

Membership of Evangelical parishes in the Barcelona area has grown from

he first column in the new Protestant terchurch Center being built near iverside Church in New York City is aced in position as W. J. Demorest, uilding Committee chairman, watches.

)00 to 12,000 since the Spanish civil ır, he said. He also reported that any Spanish Catholics and some bish-ɔs have disapproved of the supression Protestants.

ioters Bypass Methodists

Methodism in a tension-fraught ɔrld continues to make headway de-ite violent nationalism and Com-unist tyranny.

Late reports from the Board of Mis-ɔns point to a possible easing of Red strictions in at least one Iron Curtain untry. They also show the church is owing despite nationalist rioting in e Middle East.

High lights:

• Poland—Methodists face a bright ture in the opinion of the Rev. Joseph czepkowski, general superintendent The Methodist Church in Poland.

• Czechoslovakia—Here the church n grow little, if at all, according to thur J. Moore, Jr., associate editor of *'orld Outlook*. He found growth lim-d by government control on the open-g of new churches and by the diffi-lty of finding new ministers.

• Algeria—No Methodists were hurt church property damaged in the riot-g which put Gen. Charles de Gaulle power. The 600-member Methodist mmunity is making plans for a new ıristian social center in the heart of lgiers to serve 170 families.

• Argentina—Methodist Adam Sosa, ıtholic Carlos Cucchetti and Rabbi uillermo Schlesinger have successfully ıt over a Christian-Jewish brother-ɔod movement.

• Korea—Korean Methodists will ɛct a new bishop at their quadrennial eneral Conference in October.

• Formosa—The Wesley Methodist Church is worshiping in a new $60,000 building as the result of a $50,000 gift from the Philadelphia Conference and more than $10,000 in contributions by members of the Chinese congregation.

Urge New Spiritual Offensive

Methodists now are preparing for a special year of enlistment, March, 1959, to March, 1960, to bring more people into the church and church school. Some 4,500 ministers and laymen mapped strategy for the drive at the National Methodist Convocation on Local Church Evangelism in Washington, D.C.

Speakers stressed Methodism's need for a spiritual revival. Bishop W. Angie Smith, Board of Evangelism president, reported that last year Methodists "coldly threw away 207,000 members by the superficial and at times almost sadistic method of dropping them from our roll. No church," he added, "can long remain powerful whose records and relationships are so superficially maintained."

Bishop Hazen G. Werner called for steps to remedy the "barren church"—the situation in The Methodist Church in which last year 1,529 churches with 111,921 members failed to bring in a single person on profession of faith or through transfer from another denomination or another Methodist church.

Dr. Charles A. Coulson, British atomic physicist, pleaded for what he called Christian involvement: "You cannot lead people to Christ by remote control. Methodism has not continued to make the same impact as in the early days of John and Charles Wesley because we have kept too much to ourselves."

Delegates also heard Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, president, Council of Bishops, warn that Christians must not condone racial injustices.

During the four-day meeting, several men and women testified about their Christian experience. These included:

The Rev. E. W. Stevenson, ex-alcoholic now pastor of the Shaw Memorial Methodist Church, Washington, D.C., who drives a taxi to help his church.

The Rev. Jeanne Audrey Powers, first Methodist woman to graduate from a theological seminary and be ordained for the pastoral ministry since the church granted full clergy rights to women in 1956.

John L. Ray, lawyer and lay evangelist from Charleston, W.Va., who last year participated in the Methodist evangelistic mission in the Philippines.

Sen. Francis Case (R-S.D.), once assistant editor of the *Epworth Herald* and author of books on advertising in the church.

Charles A. Stuck, Jonesboro, Ark.,

LADIES!
Discover how Graceline NAPKINS have brought success to thousands of fund-raising projects...
MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY... for your FREE samples!
The Grace Line Co. / 801 LaSalle Ave. Minneapolis, Minn.
Without obligation, send ACTUAL NAPKIN SAMPLES and quantity prices. T 88
Name
Address
City Zone State

QUICKLY FOLD OR UNFOLD FOR CHANGING ROOM USES
Mitchell FOLD-O-LEG tables
TOPS OF MASONITE PRESOWOOD • FIR & BIRCH PLYWOOD • LINOLEUM • PLASTICS
MAXIMUM SEATING MINIMUM STORAGE
STRONG, RIGID TUBULAR STEEL LEGS
Send for folder with complete specifications.
MITCHELL MANUFACTURING CO.
2748 S. 34th St., Milwaukee 46, Wis., Dept. C

Pews, Pulpit & Chancel FURNITURE
EARLY DELIVERY ... WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG
J. P. REDINGTON & CO.
DEPT. 2 SCRANTON 2, PA.

Since 1889 LEADING DESIGNERS and CRAFTSMEN of
STAINED GLASS
CHURCH FURNISHINGS & BRONZE TABLETS
PAYNE-SPIERS STUDIOS
48-54 EAST 13th ST. • PATERSON 8, N. J.

$75.00 IS YOURS For Selling Only 100 Boxes of Creative CHRISTMAS CARDS
You make 75c—not 50c—on each easy-to-sell $1.25 "Tall Splendors" 21-card box. No experience needed. Also show friends 51 FREE Samples from beautiful Personal Christmas Card Album, 200 new Christmas and Birthday Boxes, Stationery, unusual Gifts—all at $1 up. Largest cash profits besides Bonus Gifts worth $10 to $100.
FREE! New $1.25 Novelty Set Offered for Acting Promptly
Send Your Name For Samples
SEND NO MONEY. We'll start you with FREE Personal Album and other outstanding samples on approval. Novel $1.25 "Model T" Salt & Pepper Set offered FREE for prompt action. Mail coupon NOW!
CREATIVE CARD CO., Dept. 160-J
4401 West Cermak Rd., Chicago 23, Ill.
Please send kit of Christmas Card samples on approval with $1.25 Novelty Set on FREE offer for promptness.
Name
Address
City State

who recently sold his lumber business to devote full time to the church. [See *There's Charley Stuck,* December, 1957, page 44.]

Jean Listerbarger, Ames, Ia., schoolteacher, who was chosen the 1958 National School Teacher of the Year by *McCall's Magazine.* [See *Unusual Methodists,* April, page 31.]

John L. McMullen, Grove City, Pa., a layman who, with his wife, has been commissioned missionary and will leave soon for Japan.

Plan Church and School Policy

A policy statement covering religion and the public schools is being drawn up by a 92-member committee of the National Council of Churches. It may take three years to complete.

Major difficulty, according to Dr. Rolfe L. Hunt, executive director of the council's Department of Religion and Education, is to draw a statement which will apply equally to all faiths.

Dr. Hunt hopes the statement will help church people consider the issues on a community-wide basis. Among issues involved: Teaching religious values, tax support of parochial-school bus service, lunches, and similar services, and religious practices during holidays and at commencement exercises.

Anti-Church Rites Stepped Up

East German Communists are stepping up efforts to replace Christian ceremonies with their own rites for christening, marriage, and burial.

Red papers reveal that name-giving ceremonies for newly born children now will be performed according to Communist ritual. Godparents must promise they will see that the children are brought up in a spirit of "peace, class consciousness, and socialism."

Courts Rule Against Obscenity

Two new court decisions have put the right to ban objectionable films and obscene literature on firmer ground.

The U.S. District Court at Providence, R.I., has dismissed a constitutional challenge of Providence's film-censorship procedures. And Nebraska District Judge Jackson B. Chase has upheld an Omaha ordinance banning the sale of obscene literature, ruling that obscenity is outside the guarantees of free speech.

Prayers: More Than Ever

More people are praying today than at any time in history, Dr. Thomas A. Carruth, director of the World-Wide Prayer Movement of the Methodist General Board of Evangelism, reported recently.

Dr. Carruth, who attributed the trend to the advent of the atomic-space age, added:

"With the satellites, the A-bombs, the H-bombs, they know they have to have God, if they're going to make it."

Speaking at a prayer school at a Deeper Life Conference, Lake Junaluska, N.C., he listed three changes now under way in prayer habits:

1. People are praying more outside the church.
2. Informality in prayer is increasing.
3. Interest is growing among the highly educated.

President-elect Dr. Donald Ebright (left) of Alaska Methodist University and Bishop A. Raymond Grant of the Portland Area break ground for the new school to be built in Anchorage.

Boost Missions in Alaska

Seven new Methodist home missionaries have made history: They were the first assigned from the 48 states to pastorates in Alaska just as the territory was granted statehood, and they formed one of the largest groups to go from "the states" to a home-mission area within a single year.

Assigned to the Alaska Mission Conference by Bishop A. Raymond Grant:

The Rev. Harold W. Diehl, Ishpeming, Mich., Wesley Church, to First Church, Anchorage; The Rev. Benjamin J. Laird, Shell Beach, Calif., Church, to churches at Moose Pass, Girdwood, and Hope; The Rev. Hillis B. Slaymaker, Waseca, Minn., Church, to First Church, Fairbanks; The Rev. Richard E. Bruner, Wasco, Ore., Church, to Turnagain Heights Church in an Anchorage suburb; The Rev. Gerald T. McCray, Inman, Ga., Church, to First Church, Nome; The Rev. Revelle E. Roach, The Dalles, Ore., Church, to churches at Homer, Anchor Point, and Seldovia; and The Rev. William E. Youngblood, Meadville, Miss., Church, to First Church, Ketchikan.

Methodists Help Shape Future of 49th State

Ground-breaking ceremonies for $5-million Alaska Methodist University, planned for 10 years, were held in Anchorage just 24 hours before Congress voted Alaska into the Union.

Bishop A. Raymond Grant of Portland Area turned the first spade of earth with a chrome-plated shovel donated by the young people of the Methodist Church of Northport, N.Y.

A crowd of about 500 watched the ceremony in a clearing in the 242-acre wilderness which will become the campus. Among them was Dr. P. Gordon Gould, Alaska-born and educated, who as a former superintendent of The Methodist Church in Alaska was among the first to see the need for a church-related college there. The university, a project of the Division of National Missions, will be the first church-related four-year liberal-arts school in the 49th state.

Assisting Bishop Grant were Dr Donald F. Ebright, university president and Bishop A. Frank Smith, Division president.

A multi-purpose academic building will be the first constructed. Architects are drawing plans now for the building, scheduled to open in the fal of 1960. Leaders predict an enrollmen of 1,000 in 10 years.

At the dedication, the Anchorag committee handed the deed to th campus to Treasurer H. Conwel Snoke, of the Board of Missions. An chorage citizens, in addition to givin the site, have pledged $700,000.

Some 30 leaders of Methodism on th mainland and nearly all Methodist mir isters in Alaska attended the dedicatior

When Alaska enters the Union, will be the first state in which Chris tianity was introduced from Russi back in 1794. This was 53 years afte Vitus Bering, a Dane in the Russia Imperial Navy, discovered the territory

Although Alaskan aborigines ar largely unchristianized, Alaska's 215 000 population includes thriving Pro estant, Roman Catholic, and Easter Orthodox communities. Methodist number about 5,000.

Honor First Methodist Bishop

A service honoring Francis Asbury first bishop of Methodism, was th climax of a meeting of the Associatio of Methodist Historical Societies a Lake Junaluska, N.C. [See *'Live or Die I Must Ride,* page 32.]

High light of the service was the pres entation of the new and annotate edition of Asbury's journal and letters The edition was edited by Dr. Elmer T Clark, executive secretary of the asso ciation; The Rev. J. Manning Potts editor of the *Upper Room,* and Th Rev. Jacob S. Payton, retired Methodis

journalist and Washington correspondent of the former *Christian Advocate*. The presentation was made by Cecil D. Jones, manager of Abingdon Press, which is co-publisher with Epworth Press of London.

Publication of the journal and letters was one of 14 projects recently recognized by the National Historical Publications Commission of the federal government.

Other projects to be undertaken by the Methodist historians include an *Encyclopedia of Methodism*, a *History of American Methodism*, a *Life of Asbury*, and publications of journals of Thomas Haskin, Joseph Pilmoor, Thomas Rankin, and others.

British Methodists sent word that the own corporation of West Bromwich has taken over the boyhood home of Francis Asbury and has designated it historic spot. A reconstruction scheme n London includes an arterial road hrough the Aldersgate area, famed mong Methodists as the scene of John Vesley's heart-warming experience. Asurance has been given that the name Aldersgate Street" will be retained and n appropriate plaque will be placed n the new industrial building to relace Barclay's Bank, site of the original room in Aldersgate Street."

NEWS DIGEST . . .

THE GOOD LIFE. "Decency and a ew society can't be legislated." So says Minnesota State Representative Carroll . King, who at 34 has given up his olitical career to join a religious comunity in Pennsylvania where "our onstitution is the Sermon on the Mount." With King went his wife and x children.

FUND-RAISING STARS. Setting ut to raise $5,000 in one day, Methodists of North and South Dakota collected $7,674 instead. The money will go to a Methodist school in Korea.

LAYMEN'S DAY. Two Methodist laymen, Samuel W. Witwer, attorney, and Dr. Rolfe Lanier Hunt, former editor-educator and now a National Council of Churches' staff member, are preparing the material to be used as aids for Methodist Laymen's Day, Oct. 19.

WOMAN HEADS BAPTISTS. The American Baptist Convention (northern) has elected Mrs. Maurice B. Hodge of Portland, Ore., as its fourth woman president in 50 years.

ACRES FOR METHODISM. The Methodist Board of Temperance is paying $1.5 million for a 19-acre tract near American University, Washington, D.C., for a possible site of a religious center.

SWEEPSTAKES WOES. Gambling in Ireland—home of the famous Irish Sweepstakes—has become "a moral, social, and economic problem of the first magnitude," warns the Methodist Conference of Ireland.

WORK FOR BROTHERHOOD. A total of 235 U.S. young people are among 1,000 participating in 40 World Council of Churches-sponsored ecumenical work camps in 26 countries.

HONOR JAPANESE CHRISTIAN. For his world-wide contribution to devotional literature and his Christian social work, Toyohiko Kagawa, one of Japan's top Christian leaders, received, on his 70th birthday, an *Upper Room* distinguished-service citation.

CHALLENGE. In Pittsburgh, Pa., 4,000 delegates to the annual Midwest convention of the Syrian Orthodox Youth Organization were challenged "to dedicate themselves as lay apostles to the spiritual strengthening of home and community."

ORATORIO. More than 200 musicians attending the Institute of Church Music at the Methodist Summer Assembly at Lake Junaluska, N.C., early this month heard the singing of the oratorio, *The Invisible Fire*.

Based on the lives of the founders of Methodism, John and Charles Wesley, the oratorio had its world premier last Dec. 31 at the National Methodist Student Conference at the University of Kansas. It was presented for the first time in a church on May 25 by the Chancel Choir of First Church, Boulder, Colo., and televised that same day by the Columbia Broadcasting System.

"This one must be from the Dead Sea. I can't hear a thing."

PENNINGTON

Methodist College Preparatory School for Boys. Owned by the New Jersey Conference. College preparatory. Fully accredited, graduates in 80 colleges. Grades 7-12. All sports. Gym, pool. Guidance, developmental reading, crafts, shops, music. New dormitory. Moderate rate. Endowed. Established 1838. Write for catalog.
Ira S. Plimm, D.D., Box 45, Pennington, N. J.

Order Any Book

. . . you see reviewed in *Together* at the publisher's advertised price—we pay the postage to you.

THE METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE
Since 1789
Order from House serving you
Baltimore 3 • Chicago 11 • Cincinnati 2
Dallas 1 • Detroit 1 • Kansas City 6
Nashville 2 • New York 11 • Pittsburgh 30
Portland 5 • Richmond 16 • San Francisco 2
Shop at our COKESBURY BOOK STORES in:
ATLANTA, 72 Broad St., N. W.
BOSTON, 577 Boylston St.
LOS ANGELES, 5244 Santa Monica Blvd.

Want EXTRA CASH? Let Us Send You 3 Boxes Of New **CHRISTMAS CARDS** And Show You How To Get Them FREE
Samples Start You Earning $25 to $250 in Spare Time
Delight friends with the Beauty and Great Values of our exciting, new Christmas Card samples. Make the *easiest* money of your life taking their orders. *No experience needed.* You make as much as 50c to $1.25 per item on big line of fast selling Cards, Stationery and Gifts. For money-making samples on *approval*, FREE Personal Album and 30th Anniversary Gift Offer, just send your name to:
MIDWEST CARD CO., 1113 Washington, Dept. 537-T, St. Louis 1, Mo.
Get 30th Anniversary GIFT OFFER

PULPIT & CHOIR GOWNS
Pulpit Hangings—Altar Cloths
Bible Markers—Communion Linens
Embroideries—Fabrics
Custom Tailoring for Clergymen
1837 *Marking 121 Years of Service to the Church and Clergy* 1958
COX SONS & VINING, Inc.
131 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N.Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED
$23 WEEKLY for wearing lovely dresses supplied to you by us. Just show Fashion Frocks to friends in spare time. No investment, canvassing or experience necessary. Fashion Frocks, Dept. A-2087, Cincinnati 2, O.

FOLDING CHAIRS
In Steel or Wood
FOLDING TABLES
WRITE FOR CATALOG AND LOW DIRECT PRICES
J.P. REDINGTON & CO.
DEPT. 52 SCRANTON 2, PA.

FRESH PECAN HALVES
Year after year for over 28 years
Organizations make money selling our Pound Boxes Jumbo Pecan Halves. Season starts Nov. 10th. We prepay shipments. You pay us when sold. Write
SULLIVAN PECAN CO., CRESTVIEW, FLA.

$ TREASURE HUNT AD $
Cut Me Out for $1.25 Box of
STUART *Greeting Cards* **FREE**
and Opportunity to Make $50 to $250
See ad on page 55

God's for Everyday

FOR A LONG time we had been promising to take our sons to eat dinner at a Mexican restaurant. Finally the big night arrived and there we sat, the first course spread before us, the attentive waiter leaning over to light the second candle on our table. Suddenly his arm stopped in mid-air.

My sons' voices cut through the hum of conversation: "Lord, we thank thee . . ."

The waiter's face was a study in astonishment. People at nearby tables stared. Through it all, the young voices continued in unison, reciting the blessing which we say at home before every meal.

I remember very little about what we ate. I only know it seemed my cheeks never stopped burning. I sat through the rest of the meal as if obeying an unseen drill sergeant's command: "Eyes front!"

Thinking it over later, I was appalled at my own embarrassment. Why had I been so annoyed because my sons asked God to bless their food in a public place?

I asked myself, am I a hypocrite? Am I ashamed of my religion? Is my relationship with God something I can display only in the privacy of my own home?

The next afternoon I was sewing at an open window just over a lean-to my boys had put up in our yard. My sons were out there with a couple of friends, getting ready to eat a picnic snack. Suddenly I heard my boys' voices, in unison: "Lord, we thank thee . . ."

The same blessing, just as if they were inside our home. When they finished, I heard the incredulous voice of one of their friends: "What the heck was that for?"

Then my younger son's voice: "Don't you know anything? That's the blessing people ask before they eat."

Again, the visitor: "You mean it's a prayer? You're supposed to say prayers in church, on Sunday!"

This time my son didn't even pause to think. "Gosh, you're dumb," he exploded. "God's not just for Sunday. God's for everyday!"

There it was, the key to all the world's problems: "God's for everyday." And, I thought, "a little child shall lead them."

—HELEN H. WATKINS

Shopping

Ten Commandmen Pencils— Here's a way t stimulate your child's intere in church-school lessons. Eac of these very special lead pencil is printed with one of the Con mandments in gold. They'll e courage greater pride in writin efforts, create pleasant associa tion with learning. Fine, too, a class gifts. Set, $1. *Ziff's, Dep T, Box 3072, Merchandise Ma Plaza, Chicago, Ill.*

Threshold Harp—The w coming hum of the *Swedi door harp*—akin to the Japane wind chimes and the bells sarna—adds a bit of Old Wor tradition to your home as y greet guests. Opening the do sets the wooden balls to strikin the wires (which may tuned), sounding a note of ho pitality. Stained wood, han decorated. $7.50. *Swedi Crafts, Dept. T, Lindsborg, Ka*

Together

You must be satisfied or these shops will refund your money when ou return items promptly (except personalized). Enclose payment.

Recipe Organizer—Many a mouth-watering meal goes uncooked because you can't find that recipe you clipped. File it safely in *Cooking Clips*. Loose-leaf binder has nine category-index pages made like envelopes to store recipes, 30 filler leaves to affix them to. Red, with black and white, 8½x6 leaves. $2.85. *RMS Interiors, Dept. T, 11146 S. Michigan, Chicago 28, Ill.*

'hone Secretary—Clipped ght to the phone, the plastic *Tel-a-edi* is convenient. It has an alpha-tized phone index, 4x6 note pad, id ball-point pen. As a prestige uch, have initials engraved in the old plate on lid. Ivory, red, green, ay, yellow, black. $3.98. *Terry ods. Co., Dept. T, 3537 Adams Ave., n Diego, Calif.*

ign of Goodness—For that wonderful lady who gives yummy gifts f home-canned goods, here are her own *personal canning labels* to roclaim her the artist she is. The 3x2 label is decorated with colorful uits and leaves. Backing peels off to affix to dry jar. Print name. 100 for 2.75. *Charlotte Thomas, Dept. T, Sewell, N.J.*

Your Address Labels, 1000—$1

ANY MESSAGE UP TO 4 LINES neatly printed in black on white, gilt edged gummed paper 1½ in. long. Packed with 3 in. PLASTIC BOX and padded in books. WE TELL YOU OUR SIZES. Use on checks, lunches, books, letters, phono records. 1000 for $1 ppd. (via air, add 21¢) Any 5 or more orders, 80¢ each; any 10, 75¢ ea.; any 25 or more, 60¢ each. Great for gifts as everyone needs labels. Guaranteed to please. Prompt delivery. Bruce Bolind, 80 Bolind Bldg., Montrose 28, Calif. Thank you kindly.

Dear Shopping TOGETHER Readers:

This is your family mail order shopping section.

It has been set up for your convenience in finding new, unusual, or unique gifts, or practical items that may not be available in local stores.

You may shop here with confidence because all firms offer their products on a money-back guarantee. If you are dissatisfied, kindly return the item promptly to the firm you ordered it from (except personalized products).

We are interested in knowing about your experiences with SHOPPING TOGETHER firms.

Your patronage of this column is most important in making it a valuable service to both TOGETHER readers and SHOPPING TOGETHER advertisers.

BETHLEHEM STAR CHRISTMAS CARDS

What better time to witness for CHRIST . . . what better way than to send these cards this year. These unique, exclusive greetings are artistic triumphs depicting events related to the birth of the SAVIOR. Master printed in beautiful natural color on glossy stock, with appropriate message inside conveying the true meaning of Christmas. 18 assorted 4x5 in. folders with envelopes, attractively boxed. $1.50.

TRINITY HOUSE, Dept. BSC, Box 2428, Van Nuys, Calif

CLASSIFIED ADS

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for miscellaneous items of general interest to **TOGETHER** readers such as: Sale of personal property; Requests for items wanted; Service offers of interest to individuals of local churches; Help wanted; Positions wanted; Hobby materials or exchanges; Houses or camps for rent; Tours. No Agents wanted or Opportunity for profit advertising. Rates: Minimum charge—$10.50 (14 words). 75c each additional word. **CLOSING DATE FIVE WEEKS IN ADVANCE OF PUBLICATION (15th).** For use of "Box No. . . . TOGETHER": add $1.00. Address **TOGETHER—Classified Dept., 740 N. Rush Street, Chicago 11.**

CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS

BOOKS WANTED

RELIGIOUS LIBRARIES PURCHASED. Send list or request details. Baker Book House, Dept. TG, Grand Rapids 6, Michigan.

HELP WANTED

SECRETARY FOR CHURCH in Chicago area. Shorthand, typing and transcribing skills helpful. Box T-28, TOGETHER.

LAYMEN OR MINISTER with business or accounting training and experience to be Treasurer or General Finance Leader of a major Protestant denomination state organization. The position is in the western part of the United States. Box T-27, TOGETHER.

SCRIPT WRITERS who have the ability and the desire to communicate Christianity through the media of film, filmstrips, and records. Write Box T-24, TOGETHER magazine, giving your background and experience.

DIRECTOR OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION in Grace Methodist Church, Sioux City, Iowa; a church of 1,400 members adjacent to Morningside College. This is a well-established position, with good salary scale for right person. A new building, now under construction, will be ready for occupancy next summer. Write to Rev. Arthur J. Kindred, Box M97, Sioux City, Iowa, stating training, experience, expected salary.

COMBINED MINISTER OF EDUCATION and Music and student counsellor on campus. Unsurpassed opportunity, growing church, community, university, great southwest; will consider DRE only. Box T-23, TOGETHER.

HOBBY MATERIALS

ARTIFICIAL FLOWER MATERIAL at discounts. Free discount catalog. Buy direct. Boycan Company, Sharon 2, Penna.

LEARN PROFESSIONAL cake decorating at home. Free color-illustrated literature. Deco-Secrets, Venice 10, Calif.

OLD GOLD AND JEWELRY

HIGHEST CASH PAID FOR OLD GOLD, Broken Jewelry, Gold Teeth, Watches, Diamonds, Silverware, Spectacles. FREE Information. ROSE REFINERS, Heyworth Bldg., Chicago 2.

POSITION WANTED

WIDOW of Methodist Minister—desires position —Housemother in college. Anywhere in states. Box T-29, TOGETHER.

DEACONESS. Experienced help; church school, children's work, calling, typing. Adequate training. Desires Western location. MADERA METHODIST CHURCH, Madera, California.

RESORTS

THE CHELTENHAM—Ocean Grove, New Jersey. Rooms—Running Water—Moderate Rates. Near Auditorium and Ocean.

SPECIALIZED SERVICES

ALMOST NEW HYMNALS from your old books at less than half new cost. Mail old Hymnal for a free sample. Engel Bindery, 322 Southwest Bl. Kansas City, Mo.

FOR HELP on the problems of unwed motherhood a Christian social agency offers the most adequate service. For full information write to Texas Mission Home & Training School (Methodist), P. O. Box 2117, San Antonio, Texas.

STAMPS

TERRIFIC STAMP BARGAIN! Israel—Iceland—Vatican Assortment—Plus Exotic Triangle Set —Also Fabulous British Colonial Accumulation —Plus Large Stamp Book—All Four Offers Free—send 10¢ to Cover Postage. Empire Stamp Corp., Dept. TO, Toronto, Canada.

TOURS

OLD MEXICO, October 13-31, beginning San Antonio, Texas. Personally conducted by private automobile. New itinerary. Write for brochure, The Powells, 8016 El Capitan Drive, La Mesa, California.

Let's Get Acquainted

Hartzell Spence: history is his hobby.

It doesn't take much prodding to make **Hartzell Spence** talk about the history of Methodism in America. "Modern Methodists," he says, "ought to know more about Methodist history in this country; ours is a heritage to be proud of." Nevertheless, he suspects that too many Methodists know little of our church's colorful past.

The son of a Methodist minister, Spence explains his enthusiasm this way: "Anyone with a Methodist background would be interested in Francis Asbury [*Live or Die, I Must Ride,* page 32], and the part he played in turning Methodism from a captive of the Anglican Church to a great denomination."

Known for his book and movie, *One Foot in Heaven,* Spence has a long list of other volumes and magazine articles to his credit. Fittingly, his series in *Look* magazine, *The Story of Religions in America,* began with Methodism's history.

●

To get material for *They Wear the 'Yoke' Behind Walls* [page 12], **William L. Worden** talked with bank robbers, dope pushers and other hardened criminals at McNeil Island federal penitentiary—and was greatly impressed by the pride the Yokefellows among the inmates feel in their organization. Unlike most prisoners, they do not blame others for their plight; they shoulder the blame themselves.

One prisoner told Worden the story of a skeptical old warden about to retire. He called a Yokefellow prisoner, admitted he had once felt the idea was tommyrot, but explained that he wanted to investigate before leaving. The prisoner's sincere explanation convinced the warden, who retired, puzzled as to how the organization could flourish in prison—but convinced it did.

Worden, his wife, and son live in Bellevue, Wash. Ex-newspaperman Worden was with the Associated Press for 10 years before he became a full-time free lancer. His work has appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post, Reader's Digest,* and other national magazines.

●

When **Barbara Paige's** family (Barbara Paige is the nom de plume of a Western housewife) returned from a jaunt to Switzerland, they brought back a king-size souvenir—a huge St. Bernard dog. In many ways he helped provide inspiration for Mrs. Paige's *Pets Beyond Price* [page 17].

But pets aren't Mrs. Paige's only hobby; she loves to plan family tours and to cook. On the family's 25,000-mile European tour, Mrs. Paige swapped recipes with housewives in almost every town they visited.

Besides being a free-lance writer, Mrs. Paige is a youth advisor, PTA member, Girl Scout leader—and active Methodist. Her Methodist grandparents crossed the plains in a covered wagon in 185[illegible] to pioneer in Oregon.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover—Ozzie Sweet • 2—Bob Taylor • 9—Erna Clark • 17—Bob Taylor • 18—Top-Paul Huf-Globe; Bot.-Ohio State U. • 19—Top-Methodist Prints • 20-21—Black Star • 22—Charles H. Cox • 35—Shostal • 38—Top & 39—Top-Grant Heilman • 39—R. Bot.-Shostal • 43—Patterson-Black Star • 61—Robert Case • 63-64-65—Humphrey Walz 70—Ward W. Wells • 74—Methodist Information • 75-76—Robert Orth • 25-26-27-28-3[illegible] 37-38—L.-40-41-42-56-60—George P. Miller.

AUGUST, 1958

NEW YORK Area *NEWS* Edition

/ Together

Busy Fall Months Lie Ahead for Methodists

A number of important meetings and programs have been scheduled by Methodists for fall.

Largest event will be the third national Conference on Family Life, Oct. 17-19 at the Conrad Hilton Hotel, Chicago.

Speakers will include Bishop Hazen G. Werner; Dr. Norman Cousins, editor of *The Saturday Review;* Dr. Katherine Oettinger, chief of the U.S. Children's Bureau; Dr. Howard A. Rusk, associate editor of the *New York Times;* Bishop Nolan Harmon; and Dr. Theodore H. Palmquist of Washington, D. C.

The program will include a play and a pageant dealing with family life and the presentation of the Methodist Family of the Year by TOGETHER in co-operation with the General Committee on Family Life.

New York Area residents who will lead two of the 34 work groups are Dr. Tracey Jones of the Division of World Missions and Dr. James G. Ranck, consulting psychologist.

The Rev. E. N. Jackson (right) of Mamaroneck, N. Y., gave opening prayer at the House of Representatives on the invitation of E. B. Dooley (left), representative of the 26th Congressional District. With them are Mrs. Jackson and daughter, Lois.

Leadership Training

Several fall events have been planned by the New York East Conference Board of Education for the training of teachers, church-school officials, and workers with youth.

A conference-wide convocation for adult workers with youth will take place Sept. 5-6 at St. Mark's Church, Rockville Centre, N. Y.

Literature clinics are scheduled as follows:

Sept. 16 at Hanson Place Church, Brooklyn; Sept. 21 in New Canaan and Bristol, Conn., and Flushing and Riverhead, N. Y.; and Sept. 28 in Amityville and Huntington, N. Y., and First Church, New Haven, Conn.

A laboratory school for teachers will be held Oct. 5-9 at Floral Park (N. Y.) Church with the following leaders: Mrs. Wesley Osborne of Albertson, N. Y.; Mrs. William Inderstolt of Hartford Seminary; Mrs. Merritt Queen of Roslyn, N. Y.; and the Rev. Edgar N. Jackson of Mamaroneck, N. Y. Director will be Miss Aileen Sanborn of the General Board of Education.

Bryan and Byron Sugahara, graduates of New Rochelle High School, each won a $4,000 scholarship to Harvard University and other scholarships for mathematics and science study. Their pastor, the Rev. Harrison Davis of First Church, says he thinks Byron is on the left and Bryan on the right—but he's not sure!

Lay Assembly

Three area laymen will have an active part in the seventh annual assembly of the Board of Lay Activities of the North-Eastern Jurisdiction, Oct. 24-26, at Buck Hill Falls, Pa.

Carl E. Waite, New York Conference lay leader, is program co-ordinator with responsibility for organizing publicity and public relations. Troy Conference Lay Leader Fred Kirchner will summarize the assembly program at the final session. Paul Pitkin, Newark lay leader, will have charge of manning the registration desk at The Inn.

Delegates from 7,000 churches are expected to attend the assembly, which will include addresses by Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam and Bishop John Wesley Lord.

Why Church Work?

A practical step toward influencing young people to study for church vocations has been taken by Ridgewood (N. J.) Church.

After extensive correspondence with 11 of the church's young members who chose Christian work, the publicity committee has prepared an eight-page article explaining what influenced their decisions and describing what the church and youth groups can do to open doors to a life of service to others.

The 11 young people agreed that such a decision is most apt to come from home and church environment or through leaders who challenge them with a picture of the world's need. No one said he had been "called" through some supernatural phenomenon.

The article quotes the young people at length hoping to challenge "the youth of the church to consider the ministry, mission field, or Christian education as a career in view of Methodism's growing need for trained and dedicated workers."

Church Names

Traveling up and down the area, consecrating and dedicating new church buildings and occasionally the church structure of a newly organized congregation, the bishop has become curious and perhaps a bit querulous about church names. They fall into many categories and sometimes seem to have been chosen without deep conviction as to the meaningfulness of a name.

Predominant among these are the churches named after the cities and towns in which they are located, such as the Eastport Methodist Church, the Westville Methodist Church, the Pottstown Methodist Church, or the Center Village Methodist Church. This choice of names in understandable and in a sense meaningful, especially for the residents of the city, town, or village involved. Would it not have been more significant, however, to have given the church more prominence by calling it the Methodist Church of Smithfield rather than Smithfield Methodist Church?

Also, of course, there are street-named churches, the Smith Street and the Jones Road and the Quincy Avenue Methodist churches. In some of these cases one fears the name might have been chosen because of the avenue's fashionable residences and their genteel dwellers. The passage of time has often served to intensify the inappropriateness of such names.

More obnoxious are the number churches, First Methodist, or Second, and sometimes Third, Fourth, and even Fifth. Perhaps it is meaningful to have a First Church, unless, of course, it carries with it the air of ostentation. But why have a Fourth Methodist Church?

And those hyphenated church names that too often illustrate the pride and obdurance of the former members of the churches which merged a quarter-century or so ago! Possibly they are preferable to the Union Methodist Church and the United Methodist Church, but not much.

Occasionally one comes upon a church named after a particular classification of people, such as the Church of the Strangers, or of the Wayfarers, or the Seafarers, or even the Church of the Marketplace, although these are seldom found in Methodism. Then there is the Old Stone Church and the Brick Meeting House, and many such as these have glorious tradition and meaningful history.

Now one realizes that the power, outreach and effectiveness of a church are not conditioned upon its name and that probably even the most mundane and meaningless name has deep significance for some of the worshipers. Nevertheless, it may not be out of place to suggest that here is a problem to which thought might well be given by many churches. To this end the following suggestions for study are set forth.

The Apostles. (This word is used loosely to include the Disciples and the named authors of the Gospel.) Other communions seem more prone to use the names of the Apostles than does Methodism. We seem to have concentrated on Mark, Paul, and John, with an occasional Andrew and Luke.

The Martyrs. Here Methodism's only usage seems to be that of Stephen, the first Christian Martyr.

The Church Fathers. Protestantism has pretty generally excluded these names so widely found in the Greek Orthodox and Roman churches. While we are inheritors of this tradition, it is probable that reference to the Church Fathers would never be really acceptable in The Methodist Church.

The Reformers. Surely these might be omitted because of their direct connection with other Protestant movements, much earlier than ours.

The Methodist tradition. People and places which were important in the establishment of Methodism both in England and the United States, such as the Wesley, Asbury, Embury, and Epworth, Aldersgate, and Foundry.

Biblical sites. These were once prevalently in use as church names, Zion, Bethel, Horeb, Sinai, Bethlehem, Bethany. Possibly their gradual disappearance from usage is understandable.

The attributes of the Gospel—faith, hope, grace. Our fathers in the faith dwelt long on these means of Christian strength and they found their way into the names of their churches—and why not?

Jesus Christ. Yes, there is Christ Himself in all His fullness—His Advent, His Incarnation, His Atonement, His Crucifixion, His Resurrection, His Ascension. Yes, there is Christ and Calvary and even His Holy Cross. Yes, there is Christ, Redeemer, Saviour. These all have their places in church names.

What a vast difference there is between the Third Avenue Methodist Church and Christ Church (Methodist) or the Church of Our Saviour (Methodist)!

FREDERICK BUCKLEY NEWELL

A Vigorous Derby (Conn.) Church MYF provided this new sign for their church

New Faces in New Places

Troy Conference

The Rev. Glenn Bingham, Jr., supplying Athens, Vt.

Newark Conference

The Rev. Robert B. Neill, supplying Quakertown and Mount Salem, N. J.

The Rev. N. R. Van Loon leaves Still water and Swartswood.

John Birney Gross appointed assistan to the president at Florida-Southern Col lege, Lakeland, Fla.

New York Conference

The Rev. Gene M. Gehres, servin Windham, North Settlement, Ashlanc and West Settlement.

The Rev. Donald C. Fisher, supplyin Cornwallville, Durham, and East Durham

McGrath Still in Post

In addition to his pastoral duties a Chatham (N. Y.) Church, the Re Howard McGrath is continuing as par time executive secretary of the New Yor Conference Boards of Education an Missions until his successor is named.

White House Guests

Bishop Herbert Welch and his daugl ter, Miss Eleanor Welch, were among 2 guests invited by President and Mr Eisenhower to a White House luncheo in honor of Mme. Chiang Kai-Shek.

AUGUST 15, 1958 Vol. 2. No. 8

TOGETHER is an official organ of The Methodist Church, issued monthly by The Methodist Publishing House, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. Publisher: Lovick Pierce.

Entered as second-class mailing matter at Post Office in Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879; additional entry at Nashville, Tenn. Accepted for mailing at special rate in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 5, 1918.

Subscription: $3 per year, single copy 35 cents.

New York Area Edition—Bishop Frederick B. Newell. Editor: Mrs. Margaret F. Donaldson, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

HE'S A BUSY BISHOP

Around the edges of every busy day, Bishop Newell takes time from his heavy administrative duties to travel through the area participating in special days of local churches. There are many other commitments, too. The photos on this page tell part of the story.

The bishop has been heard to wish that Bishop Asbury had spread his church-founding activities over a longer period of time for, suddenly, in 1957 and 1958, there is a widespread outbreak of 100th anniversaries in the New York Area—all hoping their bishop can find the time to help celebrate with them.

Bramac

Bishop visits 100-year-old Norwalk (Conn.) Church and new education building. At left: Pastor Barton Bovee. Right: the Rev. W. W. Williams, former pastor.

Horace B. Eldred

The bishop is given keys to all departments of the new church-school wing at First Church, Burlington, Vt., by pupils Donald Ingham, Melissa Cook, and Brenda Darling. Pastor is the Rev. Hobart F. Goewey, pictured right of the cross.

Katherine Hubbard Newell of Fairfield, Conn., born Apr. 8, is the youngest grandchild of the bishop and Mrs. Newell.

A vigorous area building program keeps the bishop on the move. Here, he celebrates new construction at Barre, Vt., with Pastor E. H. Martin, District Superintendent S. W. Francis.

Wahlstrom

The episcopal signature goes into the birthday book recording 125th-anniversary events at Diamond Hill Church, Greenwich, Conn. The Rev. R. J. Payne (second from left) is pastor.

Several Area Men Accept New Posts

Six men from the New York Area are beginning work in new positions:

• The Rev. John A. Russell, secretary of the New York East Conference, is the new Methodist chaplain at Yale University and executive secretary of the Wesley Foundation in New Haven, Conn.

He suceeds the Rev. Douglas Cook, who is now general secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement for Christian Missions.

Mr. Russell has been pastor since 1953 of the Mary Taylor Memorial Church in Milford, Conn.

• The Rev. Alfred E. Willett of Arlington, N. J., has been elected superintendent of the Methodist Home for the Aged in Ocean Grove to succeed the Rev. William W. Payne, who is retiring.

Mr. Willett, who has been pastor of Arlington Church since 1948, is a former member of the Foochow Conference, having served in China from 1924 to 1927. He is chairman of the Newark Conference Board of Missions.

• The Rev. Warren P. Waldo, pastor for the last three years of the Vergennes and West Addison, Vt., churches, has been named to serve the newly organized Burke Haven Larger Parish, a rural project in Caledonia County.

• Dr. James A. Withey, Jr., former dean of the College of Liberal Arts at Drew University, has been named president of Green Mountain College for Women, Poultney, Vt. He succeeds the late Dr. Howard Ackley.

• Dr. Will Herberg and Dr. John P. Dillenberger have been named professors at Drew University, Madison, N. J. Dr. Herberg, author, lecturer, and former labor union research analyst, has been an adjunct professor of Judaic studies and social philosophy at the university for two years. Dr. Dillenberger is former Parkman professor of theology at Harvard Divinity School and a member of the Harvard arts and sciences faculty.

Mr. Willett

Mr. Waldo

Dr. Herberg

Dr. Dillenberger

Mr. Russell

Dr. Withey

'Russians Capturing Youth'

A frightening picture of the threat of Communism and the reason for its growth was advanced to New York Conference laymen at their annual retreat by Emery M. Nelson, executive secretary of the International YMCA. Mr. Nelson is chairman of the official board of Asbury Church, Crestwood.

His travels to 33 countries on behalf of the YMCA have convinced him, he said, that the world is "terribly afraid of America," not only because the U.S. is rich and other countries are poor but also because American soldiers have bombs ready to drop anywhere in the world.

Claiming that military strength is the weakest of all supports, Mr. Nelson expressed serious concern about the minds and souls of young people across the world.

"The Russians are giving everything they have to capture the minds of the youth of the world," he said. "We have 37,000 foreign students in America, but 355,000 foreign students are studying in Russia, most of them with government subsidies."

IN MEMORIAM

The Rev. Robert C. Carlson
New York East Conference
died July 24, 1958

The Rev. Jasper E. McIntyre
Troy Conference
died July 15, 1958

The Rev. Antonio Sartorio
New York East Conference
died July 10, 1958

A total of 163 years of service to Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn is represented by citations presented recently to four veteran employees. At left, Director Vernon Stutzman honors nurse Florence Blake, who is completing 40 years at the hospital. Also honored are engineers Eric Nordgren and Dedric Anderson (right), who are rounding out 41 and 44 years, respectively. At right, three members of the medical staff congratulate nurse Elizabeth Bishop on 38 years of service. Dr. Seymour Clark, Dr. Einar A. Sunde, and Dr. Henry S. Acken, Jr., recall that Miss Bishop worked in every unit of the hospital during her years of service.

Each summer a Methodist preacher and his wife conduct a Trail Camp for single young adults far from civilization's bustle. Last year—

First day of climbing brings the party to Kearsarge Pass—at elevation of 11,823 feet.

They Climbed the Highest Mountain

Mount Whitney, tallest peak in the U.S.

ELEVEN MONTHS of the year, the Rev. Ralph D. York ministers to the Community Methodist Church at Redwood City, Calif. But each August finds him hitting the long trail into some remote mountain or desert area. Scenery changes but York's ministry goes on.

Last year he and Mrs. York directed the third annual Single Young Adult Trail Camp of the California-Nevada Conference. Part of the Methodist Summer Camps program, the trail led into the steep, rugged Sierras—no place for softies. The party of eight, with back packs and three balky burros, wound its way 50 miles through high passes, around dizzy precipices, past granite pinnacles and domes. Their destination: the 14,495-foot summit of Mount Whitney, highest in continental U. S.

In addition to the preacher and his wife, the party included a nuclear-research chemist, an electronics engineer, a schoolteacher, a college student, a legal secretary, and a paint analyst. More than spectacular scenery and an urge to pioneer brought these young

***Third day:** The pack train makes eight miles, moving into a pleasant, bowl-shaped valley. Camp for the night: a pine grove beside a mountain waterfall.*

DREW UNIVERSITY
MADISON N J

THE BEST THAT IS YET TO COME

During its nearly two years of publishing, TOGETHER has drawn praise from readers all over the world. But the editors of TOGETHER promise even more outstanding stories, inspiring articles, and colorful pictorials in future issues. Here are just a few examples of what is coming.

"*Don't Be Afraid to Say the Word, God*"—a "must" article for parents concerned with teaching their children how to pray.

"*Many Look—Few See*" except when photographer - philanthropist Myrtle Walgreen captures God's handiwork in microscopic detail.

"*Parables in Miniature*"—dramatically illustrates how much fun an entire congregation can have working together on its own weekly television show.

"*The Church that Choirs Built*"—you'll feel like singing your own song when you read this TOGETHER report on a "modern miracle" achieved through music.

"*A Light in the Wilderness*"—the story of hymn singing Methodists who surged across the Mississippi establishing one of the first Protestant churches west of the great river.

"*Christmas Comes to Chattanooga*"—looking for a new, inspiring way to celebrate this holy event? Here are some wonderful ideas from Chattanooga.

"*John the Baptist—Today*"—the Dead Sea Scrolls reveal new, exciting facts about John the Baptist—reported for TOGETHER by famed scholar and archaeologist W. F. Albright of Johns Hopkins University.

Watch for these provo articles, too: "Method Still Start Colleges," "Why Methodists Dor Parochial Schools," "Methodists and Cath You will receive addec support for daily livin TOGETHER's regular mc columns, such as "Litt Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency," "Question Answers On Your Fai "Weekly Meditations," personal testimony of outstanding Methodist

Togeth

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families
740 North Rush Street
Chicago, Illinois